MIND-BLOWING ALL-METAL EDITION!

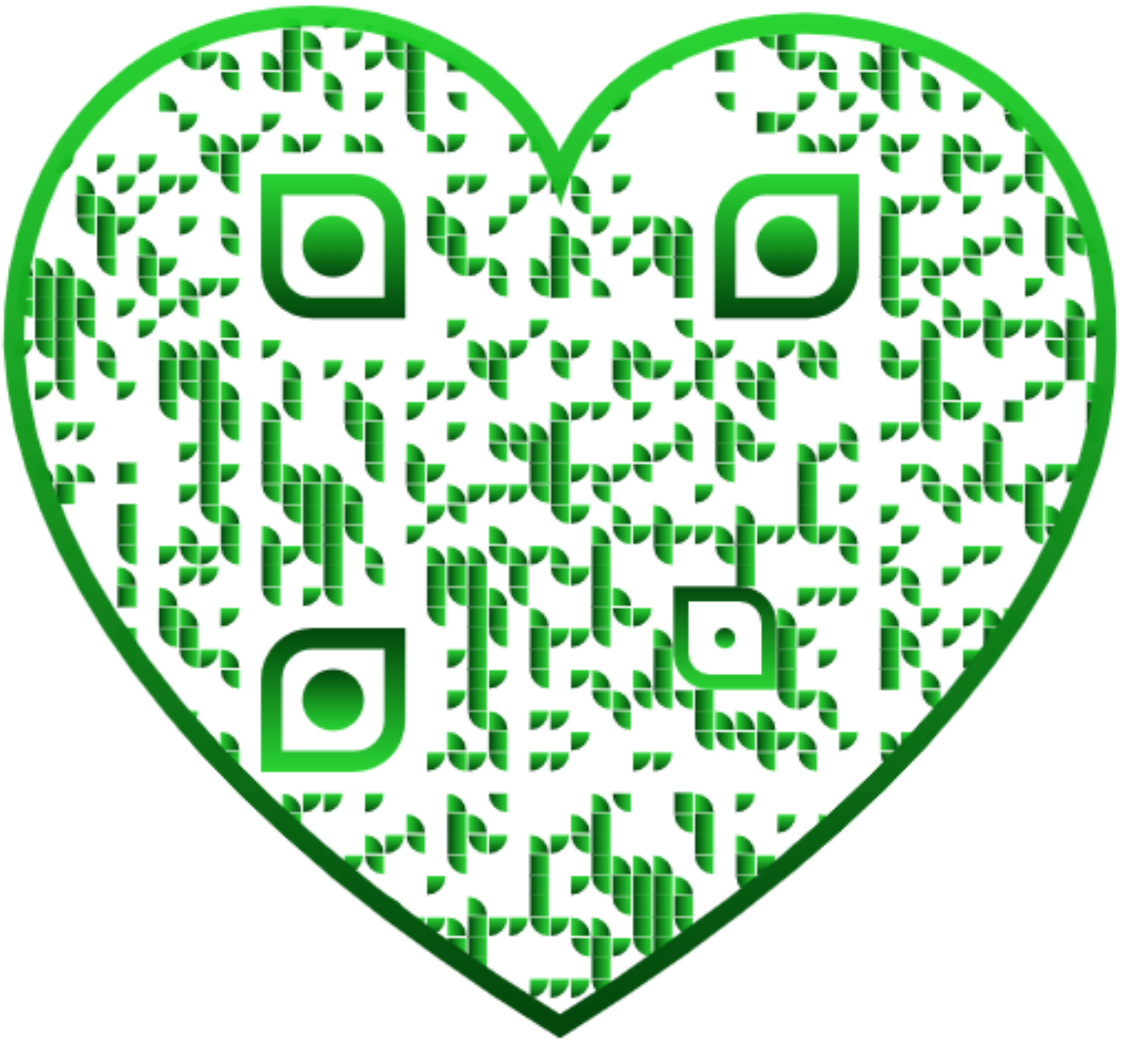
KERRANG!

April 4-17 No 91 80p

WARRIOR
SLAYER
ANTHRAX
METAL CHURCH
KEEL
TYSONDOG
GRAVE DIGGER
ANVIL

Headbangers RAVEN Get All Fired Up

RAVEN: Pic Geoffrey Thomas



■ **MADAM X** (pictured on this page) embark on a British tour in late April.

The band, whose debut album 'We Reserve The Right' has just been released on *Jet*, are set to play the following dates: **Edinburgh Playhouse** April 30, **Middlesbrough Town Hall** May 1, **Nottingham Palais** 2, **Newcastle Mayfair** 3, **Blackburn King Georges Hall** 4, **Birmingham Powerhouse** 7, **London Dominion** 9, **Aylesbury Friars** 10, **Bristol Granary** 11 and **Ipswich Gaumont** 12.

Tickets are priced at £3 in advance/£3.50 on the door at all venues except Bristol (special 'West Country Party' price of £2 in advance/£2.50 on the door). Two additional acts are currently being selected to guest with Madam X, bringing the tour up to a big value three band package, and their names will be announced shortly – as will a selection of additional dates.

Prior to the start of the tour proper, Madam X will play a showcase at **London's Marquee Club** on April 16. They then plan to appear in selected European cities before arriving back in the UK for radio station guest spots and the opening date of the tour in Edinburgh.

In addition to all this, Madam X have also been confirmed for the line-up of the first edition of **'ECT'**, Channel 4's live Heavy Metal TV programme, on April 12.

Other bands set to appear on the same show now include the **Lords Of The New Church**, **Magnum** and **Motörhead**. At the time of going to press only two other groups had been confirmed for the remainder of the 'ECT' series: **Girlschool** (April 19) and **Hanoi Rocks** (May 24).

As mentioned in *Mayhem* last issue, entry tickets to 'ECT' are available through *Kerrang!*, completely **FREE** of charge, at the following address: **'ECT' Tickets, PO Box 21, London SW6 1QL.** Please enclose an A4 size SAE.

■ **BON JOVI** issue their second album through the *Vertigo* label on April 26. Titled **'7800° Fahrenheit'**, it was produced by **Lance Quinn**/mixed by **David Thoener** at the Warehouse Studios (Philadelphia)/The Hit Factory (New York). The full track listing is:

Side One: **'In & Out Of Love', 'The Price Of Love', 'Only Lonely', 'King Of The Mountain'** and **'Silent Night'**.

Side Two: **'Tokyo Road', 'Hardest Part Of The Night', 'Always Run To You', '(I Don't Wanna Fall) To The Fire'** and **'Secret Dreams'**.

■ LONDON ACT **FM** are currently working with producer **Peter Collins** at Good Earth/Sarm East studios in London on material for their debut single through the *Portrait* label.

■ **BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST** have just issued **'Victims Of Circumstance'** in video form through *Polygram*. Recorded live at Wembley Arena last year, it was directed by **Mike Mansfield** and features the following tracks: **'Life Is For Living', 'Rebel Woman', 'Waiting For The Right Time', 'I've Got A Feeling', 'Rock 'N' Roll Lady', 'Paraiso Dos Cavalos', 'Poor Man's Moody Blues', 'Victims Of Circumstance', 'For Your Love', 'Child Of The Universe'** and **'Hymn'**.

Available in VHS/Betamax formats, the cassette has a running time of 70 minutes.

■ A TRUST FUND has been set up in memory of the late **David Byron** who died on February 28 (see *Mayhem* last issue for full details) at **St. Margaret's Hospital**. Donations should be sent to: **David Byron Fund, St Margaret's Hospital, Epping, Essex.**

■ CONTRARY TO our story in *Mayhem* last issue, it now seems as if vocalist **Kal Swann** hasn't joined **Black Sabbath** but is still a member of **Lion**.

■ **ROBIN GEORGE & DANGEROUS MUSIC** have been forced to replace keyboardsman **Mark Stanway** for their current European tour with **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** because he has contracted pleurisy. **Alan Nelson** has been drafted in to fill this position.

■ THE AARDSCHOK FESTIVAL, originally scheduled to take place at **Ysselhal** in **Zwolle** (Holland) on March 30, was postponed at the last minute because **Rising Force** (featuring **Yngwie Malmsteen**) were unable to meet their commitment.

The festival will now probably take place on May 18 at the same venue with a line-up that will hopefully feature Rising Force, **Slayer, Lee Aaron, Exciter** and **Helloïse**.

■ FORMER **Grand Prix/Lionheart** drummer **Andy Bierne** and ex-**Angel Witch/Tytan** bassist **Kevin Riddles** have joined **Max And The Broadway Choir**, playing alongside **Max** (bass/lead vocals) and **Steve Bolton/Jan Cyrka** (guitars). The band are currently seeking a keyboards player. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/photo to the outfit c/o **E/Zee Studios, 14-18 Market Rd, London N7.** Alternatively they can phone **01 609 0246**.

■ **MAX & THE BROADWAY METAL CHOIR** will be shooting a video on location in England (probably for the song **'Rockin' Till I'm 50'**) during late Spring. It will be directed by **Michael Gross**, who was associate producer of 'Ghostbusters' and also worked on the movie 'Heavy Metal'. The group also hope to play a few showcase gigs in London during the next few months.

■ **MAGNUM** ARE currently working on a new album at DEP International Studios in Birmingham with producer **Kit Woolven**; original plans to work with **Peter Schwier** were scrapped after musical disagreements between the band and producer.

Tentatively titled **'On A Storyteller's Night'**, the album should be issued on the *FM* label during May.

■ FURTHER TO our story in *Mayhem* issue 89, London act **Operator** have now changed their name to **GMT**. The band's line-up is **Chris Glen** (bass), **Phil Taylor** (drums), **Mick O'Donaghue** (guitar) and **Rob MacAuley** (vocals). As yet, no permanent keyboards player has been recruited.

BACK ON THE MARCH

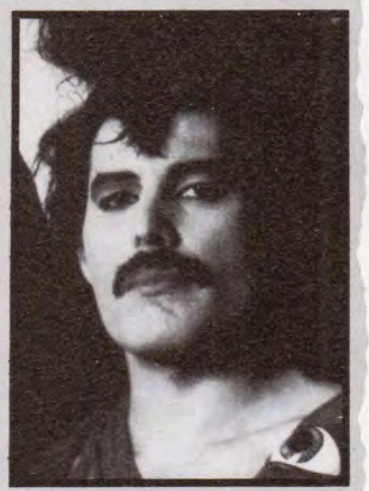
■ ***SAXON*** *(above) are currently recording their new album with producer* ***Simon Hanhart*** *at Union Studios in Munich. As yet untitled, it will be released later this year on the* Parlophone *label, distributed through* EMI.

The album will contain all original material and is said to be very much in the vein of 'Wheels Of Steel'/'Strong Arm Of The Law'. Although the full track listing remains to be confirmed, one song title that looks set to appear is ***'Back On The Streets Again'****.*

KILLER TOUCH

■ *NORTH EASTERN band* ***Avenger*** *have replaced guitarist* ***Lee Chapman*** *with Philadelphia-born axeman* ***Greg Reiter*** *(above).*

The new line-up have just started work on their second album with producer ***Keith Nichol*** *at Impulse Studios in Wallsend. Tentatively titled* ***'Killer Elite'****, it's expected to be released on the* Neat *label during June.*



READY FREDDIE

■ ***QUEEN*** *VOCALIST* ***Freddie Mercury*** *(above) issues his first solo album on the* CBS *label during mid-April. Titled* ***'Mr Bad Guy'****, it was co-produced by Mercury and* ***Mack****.*

■ *COMBAT RECORDS* have just issued **'Possessed'**, the latest album from **Venom**, in the US. The label will also be issuing the trio's three previous LPs (**'Welcome To Hell', 'Black Metal'** and **'At War With Satan'**) in the near future.

■ LOS ANGELES act **Jag Wire** have just released their debut album, **'Made In Heaven'**, on the *Target* label in the US. It was produced by **Liam Sternberg**/engineered by **Robert Biles** at Fiddler's Studios in Hollywood.

■ A NEW, Manchester-based band has just been formed under the monicker of **Venus Cruiser**. The line-up features **Adam Berlyne** (keyboards/lead vocals – previously with **Elegy**), **Demetrius** (guitar – formerly with **Demetrius**), **Barrie J. Krell** (drums/percussion – ex-Elegy) and **'DB'** (bass/backing vocals – another former member of Demetrius).

■ UXBRIDGE BAND **Lyadrive** have recruited bassist **Lawrie Martin** from **No Sweat**; he replaces the recently-departed **Lee Reddings**. The band are currently seeking suitable management. Interested parties can contact them *via* vocalist/keyboardsman **Nick Johns** on: **01 842 0204**.

Lyadrive have just issued a 12" EP titled **'Give Me Wings (Young Lover)'** on the *Brickyard* label and have lined up the following tour dates for the next couple of months: **Southend Top Alex** April 12, **Gt Yarmouth Cap & Gown** 13, **Oxford Penny Farthing** 18, **Gravesend Red Lion** 26, **Milton Keynes Open University** (with **Liaison**) 27, **Warrington White Lion** May 25, **Gloucester Nelson Inn** June 11, **West Bromwich Coach & Horses** 29 (with **Assassin**).

■ LONDON ACT **Briton** have recruited lead vocalist **Tony Thurlow** and former **White Spirit/Tank** drummer **Graeme Crallen**.

■ **RUNESTAFF** HAVE replaced keyboardsman **Kaust Rakhit**, who died of Thalasemia a few weeks ago (see *Mayhem* last issue for details), with **Barry Godfrey**.

■ THE LATEST edition of German fanzine *Shock Power* is now available priced at £2 (UK)/$3 (US), inclusive of postage and packaging. It contains articles on **Tokyo Blade, Sortilege, Trouble, Savage Grace, Battleaxe, Exodus, Savatage** and **Grave Digger**.

Copies can be obtained from: **Frank Meinel, Saarstrasse 33, 6840 Lampertheim, West Germany.**

■ LOS ANGELES all-girl band **Leather Angel** have parted company with guitarist **Debbie Wolfe**.

■ DUTCH BAND **Picture** are currently working on their fifth studio album with producer **Ton van den Bremer** at Wisseloord Studios in Hilversum (Holland). As yet untitled, the LP should be out on the *Backdoor* label (distributed by *Phonogram*) in Holland later this year.

The outfit's line-up is **Pete Lovell** (lead vocals), **Chris Van Jaarsveld/Henri Van Manen** (guitars), **Rinus Vreugdenhill** (bass) and **Jacques Van Oevelen** (drums).

■ FURTHER TO the feature in the last issue, **Def Leppard** drummer **Rick Allen** has now had the metal pin removed from his right arm and is now practising on a *Simmons* kit.

Allen is currently in Holland contributing vocals to the new LP.

■ **TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS** issue their latest album, **'Southern Accents'**, through *MCA* on April 8.

■ **JOHNNY VAN ZANT** has just issued his album, **'Van Zant'** (produced by **Rodney Mills**), on the *Geffen/Network* label in the US. The track listing is:

Side One: **'Midnight Sensation'**, **'She's Out With A Gun'**, **'I'm A Fighter'**, **'You've Got To Believe In Love'** and **'Two Strangers'**.

Side Two: **'2+2'**, **'Heart To The Flame'**, **'Does A Fool Ever Learn?'**, **'Right On Time'** and **'Lonely Girls'**.

■ **PRINCE** IS expected to issue his latest, self-produced studio album, **'Around The World In A Day'**, on the *Warner Brothers* label in the US during late April/early May. As yet, no UK release has been scheduled.

■ THE SOUNDTRACK to the movie **'Vision Quest'** is released through *Geffen* in the UK on May 7. Among those tracks featured are **'Only The Young'** (**Journey**), **'Change'** (**John Waite**), **'She's On The Zoom'** (**Don Henley**), **'Hungry For Heaven'** (**Dio**), **'Lunatic Fringe'** (**Red Rider**), **'I'll Fall In Love Again'** (**Sammy Hagar**) and **'Hot Blooded'** (**Foreigner**).

■ FLORIDA BAND **Savatage** have just completed work on their latest studio album with producer **Max Norman**. Titled **'Power Of The Night'**, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Power Of The Night'**, **'Unusual'**, **'Warriors'**, **'Necrophilia'**, and **'Washed Out'**.

Side Two: **'Fountain Of Youth'**, **'Hard For Love'**, **'Skull Session'**, **'Stuck On You'** and **'In The Dream'**.

The LP is expected out on the *Atlantic* label in the near future. And, as reported in *Rock USA* issue 88, the quartet put out a mini-album through *Music For Nations* in the UK on April 4. It's titled **'The Dungeons Are Calling'**.

■ CHICAGO BAND **Trouble** have just issued their second album through the *Metal Blade* label (US)/*Roadrunner* (Europe/UK). Titled **'The Skull'**, it was co-produced by **Bill Metoyer** and the quintet in Los Angeles. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Pray For The Dead'**, **'Fear No Evil'** and **'The Wish'**.

Side Two: **'Truth Is What Is'**, **'Wickedness Of Man'**, **'Gideon'** and **'The Skull'**.

Trouble's line-up is **Eric Wagner** (lead vocals), **Rick Wartell/Bruce Franklyn** (guitars), **Sean McCallister** (bass) and **Jeff Olson** (drums).

■ *IMS* HAVE just issued **'Jimi Hendrix: Superstar'**, featuring the following track listing: **'Purple Haze'**, **'Red House'**, **'The Wind Cries Mary'**, **'Let Me Light Your Fire'**, **'Freedom'**, **'Gypsy Eyes'**, **'Voodoo Chile'**, **'Angel'**, **'Who Knows'** and **'Johnny B. Goode'**.

The same label have also put out **'The Best Of The Who'**, featuring: **'Bucket 'T'**, **'I'm A Boy'**, **'Pictures Of Lily'**, **'Doctor! Doctor!'**, **'I Can See For Miles'**, **'Substitute'**, **'Happy Jack'**, **'The Last Time'**, **'In The City'**, **'Call Me Lightning'**, **'Mary Anne With The Shaky Hands'** and **'Dogs'**.

■ *MARC ON WAX*, the label devoted to releasing material from **Marc Bolan**'s catalogue, have signed a distribution deal with *Spartan*. The first release under this new agreement is **'MegaRex'**, a single featuring several Bolan songs segued together and mixed by engineer **Sanny X**. It will be made available in seven inch, seven inch picture disc and 12" formats.

There are also plans to issue two prevously unavailable albums from Bolan's archives.

■ *CARRERE* HAVE re-issued the following albums from Australian act the **Church**: **'The Church'**, **'The Unguarded Moment'** and **'Seance'**.

■ LONDON QUARTET **White Lightning** have just issued their debut single, **'This Poison Fountain'**, on the *Wild Party* label. It's available at a price of £1.25 (incl. p&p) from: **1 Spain, Petersfield, Hants GU32 3JZ.**

■ AMERICAN TRIO **Manilla Road** have signed a European recording deal with *Black Dragon*. They've just released an album titled **'Open The Gates'**. The full track listing is: **'Metalstorm'**, **'Open The Gates'**, **'Astronomica'**, **'Weavers Of The Web'**, **'The Ninth Wave'**, **'Heavy Metal To The World'**, **'The Fire Of Mars'**, **'Roads Of Kings'**, **'Hour Of The Dragon'** and **'Witch's Brew'**.

The Kansas band's line-up is **Mark Shelton** (lead vocals/guitar), **Scott Park** (bass) and **Randy 'Thrasher' Foxe** (drums).

■ ***M-80*** *ISSUE their first full studio album through the* Roadrunner *label on April 19. Titled* ***'Maniac's Revenge'****, it was produced by lead guitarist/vocalist* ***Niki Buzz.*** *Featured musicians include bassists* ***Jeronimo Bos/Chris Aylmer*** *(previously with* ***Samson****) and drummers* ***Gerard Haitsma/Ian Roberts*** *(formerly with* ***Presence****).*

The full track listing is:

Side One: ***'Maniac's Revenge'***, ***'Get Outta My Face'***, ***'You Drive Me Crazy'***, ***'Big Fizz'***, ***'Nothing To Lose'*** *and* ***'The Winds Of Blowhuyvan'****.*

Side Two: ***'Attention'***, ***'Let's Rock'***, ***'Forever More'***, ***'Stoplight'*** *and* ***'Love Is A Sacrifice'****.*

The bank have now stabilised their line-up as (above, from left): Aylmer, Buzz and Roberts.

URIAH HEEP have added the following dates to their UK schedule: Manchester Apollo May 15, Glasgow Apollo 16, Birmingham Odeon 17, Sheffield City Hall 18, London Hammersmith Odeon 19. Tickets are priced at £4.50/£4 for all venues, except Hammersmith Odeon where they are £5/£4.50/£4.

MAMA'S BOYS play the following dates during April/May: Nottingham Rock City April 16, St. Albans City Hall 17, Newcastle Mayfair 19, Wishaw Heathery Bar 20, Glasgow Mayfair 21, Stirling Albert Hall 22, Blackburn King Georges Hall 23, Huddersfield Polytechnic 24, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 25, Hanley Victoria Hall 26, Gwent Cross Quays Institute 27, London Dominion Theatre 28, Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 29, Bristol Granary 30, Birmingham Odeon May 2, Guildford University Of Surrey 4.

THE ALARM have added the following dates to their UK tour: Llandudno Astra April 20 (in aid of the **Save The Children/Sudan Appeal**), Chippenham Goldiggers May 14, Dunstable Queensway Hall 15, Stoke Kings Hall 16. All tickets are priced at £4.

TOBRUK have added the following dates to their UK tour: Stoke Shelleys April 3, Bedford Corn Exchange 4, Oxford Penny Farthing 5, Bannockburn Tandhu 10, Scarborough Victoria's 12, Thatcham Silks 15, Tonypandy Naval Club 17, Chichester Rock Club 20.

THE LLOYD LANGTON GROUP will be playing Glasgow The Venue April 5, Wishaw Heathery Bar 6, Liverpool Pickwicks 7, London Marquee Club 8, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's 10, Romford The Rez 11, Oxford Penny Farthing 12, Bristol Granary 13, Peterborough Key Theatre 14, London The Oval Cricketers 15, Ipswich Manor Ballroom 16, Brighton Escape Club 17, High Wycombe Nag's Head 18, Aberdeen Polytechnic 20.

CHRIS REA plays the following dates during May/June: Galway Leisure Land May 9, Sligo Baymount 11, Limerick The Savoy 12, Cork City Hall 14, Carlow Leisure Centre 16, Dublin RDS 18, Belfast Ulster Hall 20, Manchester Apollo 23, Newcastle City Hall 24, Birmingham Odeon 25, Nottingham Royal Centre 26, Oxford Apollo 28, Bristol Colston Hall 29, Southampton Gaumont 31, Brighton Dome June 1, London Hammersmith Odeon 2.

Ticket prices are £8 Irish (Galway/Sligo/Cork/Carlow), £8.50 Irish (Dublin), £8.50/£8/£7.50 Irish (Limerick), £7.50 (Belfast), £4.50/£4 (London), £4 (Oxford/Bristol/Southampton), £4/£3.50 (Manchester/Newcastle/Birmingham/Nottingham/Brighton).

Rea's touring band includes **Gilson Lavis** (drums – ex-**Squeeze**), **Martin Ditcham** (persussion – a member of **Sadé's** band), **Mel Collins** (saxophone) and **Max Middleton** (keyboards).

ROGUE MALE have now switched their date at London Marquee Club from April 4 to April 2.

JENNY DARREN plays Stockwell The Plough on April 11.

TOUCHED, who've just issued their debut album (**'Back Alley Vices'**) on the *Ebony* label, play Nottingham Vinos May 3, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 4, Northampton Old Five Bells 5, Sunderland Mayfair 10, Whitley Bay Esplanade Club 11, Derby Rock House 17, Cardiff Bogies 24, Bristol Granary 25, Warrington Lion Hotel June 1.

LARRY MILLER *(above) plays Bristol Granary April 6, London Marquee Club 11, Birkenhead Stairways Club 13, Leeds Cosmos Club 14, Stoke-On-Trent Shelley's Club 15, Manchester Gallery 16, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel 17, Dunoon EM Club 18, Glenrothes Exit Centre 19, Blairgowrie The Gig 20, Dumbarton Cutty Sark 21, Melbourne Rock Club 26.*

SEDUCER will be appearing at Ipswich Cindys April 2, Bristol Granary 27, Bognor Regis The Rainbows End May 3, Brentwood The Hermit 16, Southend Top Alex 17.

EXPLORER play Stockport Boars Head Hotel April 3, Stockton-On-Tees Peppermint Park 4, Sunderland Old 29 (lunchtime) 6, Darlington Bowes Wine Cellar (evening) 6, Peebles Cross Keys Institute 7, Billingham Swan 9, Bolton Space City 10, Bradford Wheatsheaf 11, Hebden Bridge Shoulder Of Mutton 12, Chesterfield White Swan 15, Newcastle-Under-Lyme Sutherland Arms 16, Birmingham Railway 25, Derby Duke Of York 26, Leicester Thomas Cook 29, Peterborough Gladstone Arms 30, Norwich Whites May 1, Southend Top Alex 3, Ipswich The Thrasher 4, Ascot Horse & Groom 9, Oxford Penny Farthing 11, Dunstable Wheatsheaf 13, Shepherds Bush The Wellington 14, Runcorn Cherry Tree Hotel 15, Birkenhead Stairways 16, Gloucester Nelson Inn 18, Brighton The Ship 27, Gravesend Red Lion 31.

CITIZEN CAIN will be appearing at Greenwich Mitre Tunnel on April 15.

THE BIG BANG!, a glam act from London, play London Le Beat Route April 2, High Wycombe Nags Head 11, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 16.

The band have just replaced guitarist **Yusuke Shirakawa** with **Scot Free**.

MAD DOG, a heavy boogie band from South Wales, will be appearing at Maidstone Royal Star April 4, Southend Alexandra Hotel 5, London Marquee Club 13 (supporting **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**), Oxford Witney Rugby Club 14, Oxford Penny Farthing 20, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club May 2, Stoke-On-Trent Waggon & Horses 3, Tonypandy Naval Club 4, Shepton Mallett Custom & Classic Bike Show 5, Oxford Penny Farthing 17, Llannharran Rugby Club 19, Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club 25, Kettering Rising Sun June 30.

ANTHRAX

RED HOT & HEAVY!!

NEVER MIND the *bullocks*, here come Anthrax! Stampeding out of the Queens area of New York City comes the final word in Power Metal, the band who stand alongside Metallica as prime instigators of Thrashin' coming of age! You don't believe us? Listen, sonny, just grab a copy of the new Anthrax EP, 'Armed And Dangerous', light the blue touchpaper and for God's sake, STAND WELL BACK!

Get your fill of 'Armed And Dangerous', 'Raise Hell', a blistering balls-out version of the Sex Pistols' gem 'God Save The Queen' and a double 'live in the studio' KO punch of 'Metal Thrashing Mad' and 'Panic', revisited from the band's first album, 'Fistful Of Metal'! Then . . . er . . . cow-er under the totally brutal grimace of Anthrax!

Praise be to *Megaforce Records* for unleashing vocalist Joe BellaDonna (pictured above centre and right), guitarists Scott Ian/ Dan Spitz, bassist Frank Bello and drummer Charlie Benante onto unsuspecting ears *via* a classic EP (sadly with no UK release anticipated) and a soon-come mind-warping second album!

Stay tuned for feature-style festivities next issue and don't forget, in the words of the Gang Of Four, '*love will get you like a case of anthrax*'. I'm stricken already!

HOWARD JOHNSON

K: Kompost!
KK: Klueless!
KKK: Kompetent!
KKKK: Korrosive!
KKKKK: Kolossal!

MAMA'S BOYS celebrate their 'coming of age' . . .

GIVE ME PASSION!

MAMA'S BOYS
'Power & Passion'
(Jive Records HIP 24)
KKKKK

SO THE McManus brothers are back, not only with a new album but a new sound. The album title says it all – more *power* than a runaway cruise missile and more *passion* than a U2 world tour. The only word missing from the title is *class*. This album, more than anything else, represents Mama's Boys' coming of age, ready to take on all-comers and set to shake the foundations of the rock heirarchy.

While the band's first two albums established them as a rising force, 'Power & Passion' reeks of maturity and confidence, not only in the playing but also in the songwriting and arrangements. It's obvious that a lot of time and thought has gone into the recording of the LP, and the result is destined to become a rock classic.

Where previously the band had a definite leaning towards more boogie orientated material, 'P&P' definitely puts the emphasis on rabble-rousing stompability; nowhere is this more evident than on opener 'Hard & Loud', where the driving rhythm and football terrace chorus are overlayed with a half chugging half flickering guitar riff. And as for the vocals, well, they've come on in leaps and bounds. Gone are the days when John McManus (also bassist) sounded at times like he was half holding back; this time around he's gone head first into the danger zone and his vocal range seems to have almost doubled. Also, like both guitarist Pat and drummer Tommy, his playing is confident and delivered with menacing attack.

All the songs on the album are self-penned, though the band have resurrected two numbers from their debut 'Plug It In' LP – 'Straight Forward'/'Needle In The Groove' – and given them a damn good seeing to. 'Straight Forward' is taken at a far less frantic pace than before and with its new arrangement it becomes the great song it previously only promised to be. In contrast, 'Needle In The Groove' is given more of a kick ass tempo and features some serious *Hammond* organ playing; a classic song now escalated to new dizzy heights – what more can you say?

The other major difference between 'P&P' and its predecessors is that the band have now found a far more commercial groove. On 'Lettin' Go' and, more specifically, 'Run' they manage to conjure up an air-punching anthemic drive akin to the teenage wasteland rebellion of early Sweet and Slade and with incredible panache have made it their very own. Great tunes, great melodies and the sharpest choruses to grace a rock record in ages.

As on their last album, 'Turn It Up', the band get to grips with an instrumental, 'The Professor 2', but instead of this merely being an excuse for Pat's guitar histrionics, it has the band flexing burgeoning technical muscles and jazz sensibilities, yet another string to their musical bow. However, *Side Two*'s real killer kut is 'Don't Tell Mama', a heads-down breakneck rocker that has 'live klassic' stamped all over it.

With so much dross currently masquerading as rock it is a rare delight to listen to an album as good as 'Power & Passion'. Do yourselves a favour and get your needle in the Mama's Boys groove – you won't regret it!

GEOFF BANKS

WARRIOR
'Fighting For The Earth'
(10 Records DIX 9)
KKKK

SWEAT. Lumps of it. Mounds of it. Great lakes, steaming baths, manic tanks. This, boys, is what Heavy Metal is all about in '85. Shoe-horned into leathered riffs and weather-soiled arias stands one of the best true-to-the-roots Metal invasions you'll ever hear.

Dynamism goes glove-in-claw with accurate, rather spell-binding melodies as the Los Angeles quintet go for the big, BIG sound of total overkill. 'Fighting For The Earth' rains fire on the shore, 'Defenders Of Creation' stalks its prey with fearsome loathing, 'Cold Fire' slips its Babylonian tongue into any uncircumcised crevice and writhes the night away . . .

Of course, the production does occasionally dip its inky wings into rather 'no, no, Natalie' territory as things get slightly bogged down in technical labyrinths, but so what? You'll die when you hear this album . . . at least, though, it'll be with your boots firmly on!

MALCOLM DOME

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 8

VIDEO
EP

SCORPIONS
First Sting
ROCK YOU LIKE A HURRICANE
NO ONE LIKE YOU
I'M LEAVING YOU
STILL LOVING YOU

HELIX
GIMME GIMME GOOD LOVIN'
ROCK YOU
DON'T GET MAD GET EVEN
HEAVY METAL LOVE

VIDEO
EP

QUEENSRŸCHE
Live In Tokyo
NIGHTRIDER
PROPHECY
DELIVERANCE
CHILD OF FIRE
EN FORCE
BLINDED
THE LADY WORE BLACK
WARNING
TAKE HOLD OF THE FLAME
QUEEN OF THE REICH

FULL LENGTH VIDEO

PICTURE MUSIC

HI-FI *stereo* VHS-BETA

FROM PAGE 6

EARTHSHAKER
'Midnight Flight'
(Music For Nations MFN 37)
KKK½

OF ALL the bands with whom I crossed slanted swords during a memorable visit to Japan about a year back, it was Loudness and Earthshaker who set the sirens a-blarin' as being musically capable of stirring it up in the Western whirlpool. Both the muscular Metal thrusting of Loudness and the less insistent yet equally forceful drive of Earthshaker display a remarkable feel for the essential dynamics that create da magic. However, here's the Geisha Girl rub, my friends. While Loudness are prepared to launch themselves body 'n' soul into the fray to grab a sizeable chunk of the world's studded cake, Earthshaker seem content to hold onto what they already have in their little yellow mitts.

It's understandable, mind! Infrequent touring and the release of two albums per year back home in Japan means mucho income from relatively paltry expense, and rather than slog it out with the big boys (thus necessitating a switch to English lyrics) Earthshaker have stayed true to their roots/played it safe, whichever you prefer!

Recorded at San Francisco's *Automatt*, 'Midnight Flight' certainly rocks out – in places that is! Look at it next to Loudness' 'Thunder In The East' LP and it's like comparing Geoff Barton's dress sense to 'Krusher's. The former's refined, the latter's . . . well . . .'animal', but they're both definitely Metal!

I personally have a palate for both ends of the the spectrum and this here Earthshaker offering *can* sink sharks' teeth into my skin, drawing blood with frightening precision. Shara's guitar work is as subtle as ever and vocalist Marcy still gets his tongue 'round a real gobful of s**t, making it sound, y'know, 'totally meaningful'!

And songwise, too, there are some grand moments, with (deep breath) 'Ushinawareta 7224' lurching through the Scorpions' back catalogue with devious intent, 'T-O-K-Y-O' revealing itself as a beautifully melodic 'highly orchestrated tone poem', for want of a more earthy expression, and the title track itself hitting hard in mid-pocket territory.

But 'fraid it's only free and 'alf on the K rating, cos the overall standard of 'MF' ain't quite up there rubbing asses with last year's superlative 'Fugitive' release. This is certainly a sound record (though the lengthy 'Family' is a bit of a bum note on the album scale!), but 'Fugitive'? Well, that was genius . . .

HOWARD JOHNSON

URIAH HEEP
'Equator'
(Portrait PRT 26414)
KKKK

IS IT really possible? I mean, am I *really* expected to believe that this is Uriah Heep?

But that's not to imply that it's mutton dressed as lamb or, like Purple, a cool, calculated and safe exercise in commerciality. No way. The Uriah Heep of 1985 is roaring loud 'n' clear at a speed (kills!) and motion that puts most contemporary competition to crying, lying shame.

Every element, every component is oiled, greased and working to the max. Mick Box, that master of the inverted wailing solo, can be found sitting, kicking and driving the band from one spectacular dynamic peak to another – full, roaring guitar chords pushed to the outer limits of feedback. So good, so mature, so . . . well, Heep!

Meanwhile, over on the rhythm box, sit (kick!) master blasters Trevor Bolder (bass), one-time Spiders From Mars man, and that battle-hardened warrior from the edge of time (well, he probably *is* the oldest!) Lee Kerslake, battering buggery out of his matchwood kit. Johnny Sinclair acts like a lunatic example of Keith Emerson, but taps synths rather than dirgy *Hammonds* and is, in my view, Uriah Heep's saving grace – he stepped in for '82's 'Abominog' LP just when they needed the kiss of life the most.

But if it's immediacy you're after, then I'm afraid the Man Of The Match award has just got to go to vocalist Pete Goalby . . . we're talkin' serious quantities of mature vox appeal here! Goalby is the kinda man who knows when, why and just how far to deliver, just how far to moan 'n' groan and just how far into the stratosphere to take that high note.

Put that lot into one pot, stir crazy and what have you got? 'Equator'. Kick off with 'Rockarama', stuffed with modern keyboard effects and Goalby's strained larynx, move on to the aggressive 'Bad Blood', then pause for breath with the Lou Gramm-ish ballad 'Lost One Love' (fave cut, and definite chart material). The ringing pop-rock of 'Angel', similar to Springsteen's 'Dancing In The Dark,' follows, with dramatic mid-pocket face-krusher 'Holding On' bringing *Side One* to a close.

And *Side Two* is even better, with 'Party Time' clearly the most immediate track on offer – a blustering belter with a chorus that'll have you chanting along the moment you hear it. 'Schools Burnin'' and 'Heartache City' move in roughly the same territory, fast paced yet smothered in waves of overbearing keyboard fury.

Goalby's vocal superiority shines throughout the LP, but it's another ballad, 'Poor Little Rich Girl', that parades it to best effect – a killer song, high on hookline availability yet bitingly adept in its use of Box's overamped guitar technique. The tail end Charlie is a fast 'frash rocker', 'Night Of The Wolf', which rounds the set off in stirring fashion.

A monstrously heavy rock 'n' roll album then; slick, brash and full of hunger.

DEREK OLIVER

'CROW'S FEAT!

Pic Peter Cronin

SPLITCROW: 'you just can't help but get off yer butt and have a serious bop or headbang'

SPLITCROW
'Rockstorm'
(Guardian Records GRC 2167)
KKKKK

KRACK OPEN a bottle of 'Jack', folks, cos we've got some serious celebrating to do here. Y'see, I think I've discovered the secret recipe for 'Norvern Dance Boogie', I kid you not. Are you swigging comfortably? Then I'll begin . . .

Take a large tablespoonful of Molly Hatchet, add a sprinkling of Foghat and mix the two together to create a soothin' base. Now add a large dollop of Blackfoot's slide guitar, put all the above into a blender and 'stir like crazy' (in-joke); what comes out the other end is a delightful, soothing cocktail called Splitcrow, and boy what a punch this lethal concoction packs – we're talkin' serious hangover, we're talkin' bones into dust, we're talkin' twin-neck squash racket action . . .

Splitcrow, in case you haven't sussed by now, are basically a boogie quartet, but they sound so American that it's hard to believe they're actually from the Norf East of England. I s'pose this means we'll have to start saying "The Norf Will Rise Again"! After all, the 'Crows specialise in what we Suvern Boogie fans like to call 'Konfederate Rock'.

Terry Gavaghan, it would appear, is the mastermind behind putting the 'Crows onto the musical map; he signed them to his own label Guardian *and he also manages the band, but it's his producing that impresses me most – talk about clarity, squire! 'Rockstorm' certainly has that Rodney Mills (38 Special's producer) spark about it. This is rock 'n' roll boogie just as it should be, real lowdown 'n' sleazy, which is exactly how opening kut 'Back Door Blues' sounds.*

I remember when I first played this toon up at the Kerrang! *HQ; Mick 'The Kid' Wall just jumped up onto his desk and started to boogie on down. That's the effect Splitcrow's music has on people; you just can't help but get off yer butt and have a serious bop or headbang.*

'Another Day, Another Dollar' has a definite Foghat flavour to it, with a bit of slide thrown in for good measure from John Dickinson, who has gotta be the most potent slide guitar player in England at the moment. And if it's klassy Suvern bass playin' you crave, then look no further than the album's standout track 'In The Heat Of The Night'; it's very 38 Specialish but with Barry Winlow's bass lines making the song very special. You just gotta hear this kut, it's "SOUTHERN BOOGIE DEATH" to quote Igor from Shades.

*Drummer Nigel Stawart (*Are you sure that shouldn't Stalwart? – Doc Doom*) meanwhile comes into his own during the Molly Hatchet flavoured 'Stir Crazy', dishing up some serious skin-pounding, while Rob Davidson's vocals are really put to the test on the album's only wimper, 'Sweet Darlin' – I can guarantee some serious snot rag action here!*

I could go on but I won't; just do yerself a favour and pick up one of the finest albums to have come out of England in the past decade. XAVIER RUSSELL

VULCAIN
'Rock 'N' Roll Secours'
(MAD 2004)
K

AS AN organ of intense suicidal depression, this slab of distressing wastefulness has a lot going for it. Indeed, if it weren't for the presence of parliamentary legislation and my lack of greased Sumerian wrestling techniques, I would, under more normal circumstances, have declared immediate war on (cough) France, Vulcain's declared Fatherland.

The inner-mission, it would appear, is to create a vivid and remarkably similar thrashing noise to those Metallers Metallica and, more mundanely, Motörhead. Admirable to a certain degree, I suppose, but what galls is the extent to which this aim is completed. *Side One* begins with a sub tumble-drier rumble and ends with a commercial breakthrough in the use of the pneumatic road drill. And the same, in principle, appears on the reverse side. Dismal, deeply dragging and dumbly disconcerting.

Applying a size 10 industrial boot, I hastily binned this appalling example of False Metal with the soothing thought that boys will be boys and French Metal acts will never provide an ounce of originality so long as they exist.

Minus nine on a ten scale, I'm afraid! DEREK OLIVER

HAWKWIND
'Bring Me The Head Of Yuri Gagarin'
(Demi Monde DM002)
KK

CLAW YOUR way through the all but impenetrable cover artwork and you discover: YET ANOTHER HAWKWIND ALBUM!!!! Then if you can strain your eyes long enough to actually decipher the words you find that this is classic Hawkwind *circa* 'Space Ritual', and that, yes, damn it all, it practically IS 'Space Ritual' with some bits added here and others taken away there. But, hell's teeth, it's got Lemmy on it and Nik Turner and Dik Mik; we are talking classic Hawkwind line-ups here, guys.

Now, to me, Hawkwind was never Hawkwind without loony Bob Calvert and this fortunately does feature him, but once you actually get to the the plastic thingy then that's almost as impenetrable as the artwork; although it unmistakably IS loony Bob, you have to ask yourself if it was worth all the bother. I mean, do you really want to listen to Lemmy croaking out 'Silver Machine' (yes, it's here!) AGAIN? The sound is murky and bootleggy even if this is an *official* release. All of which doesn't answer the question of why this album exists at all??

The Space Ritual was one of those glorious and unrepeatable moments in time when the right bunch of musicians simply collected together with one mind and one purpose and created something truly startling and magnificent. That creation was captured on vinyl and released on *United Artists* (now part of *EMI*) and had, for far too long, been a deleted record. But my understanding is that *EMI* have re-issued the thing on their '*Fame*' label, if not in the original, mind-bogglingly wonderful Barney Bubbles cover. So, bearing in mind that the original 'Space Ritual' is actually available again, I fail to see the point of this rather inferior, if quaint, curio except for die-hard collectors.

DAVE DICKSON

TANGERINE DREAM
'Flashpoint'
(Heavy Metal Worldwide HMI HP 29)
KKK

TAKEN OUT of their natual cinema context, few movie soundtracks ever make much of an impression, the exceptions being collections of strong rock songs such as those compiled for 'Vision Quest' and 'Teachers'. Consequently, the Tangs' supple synth efforts on this opus rather lose their impact without the visual complementation for which all the tracks were composed.

If you add to this negative viewpoint the fact that I'm not a fan of TD, then you'll understand why I didn't enjoy listening to 'Flashpoint'. However, being objective (rather than objectionable), I have to admit that this is well-performed, highly mobile modern music that's likely to appeal to a considerable number of robots . . . er, people. As such, I'd recommend fans of this genre to invest in a copy of 'FP', whilst leaving the rest of us out on the tiles with Accept's 'Metal Heart'. MALCOLM DOME

BLUE CHEER
'The Beast . . . Is Back'
(Megaforce MRI 49 import'
KKK½

NOW, WHILE Malcolm Dome was busy being a '*flightless, anonymous pterodactyl floating in the azure clouds*' in ecstacy over 'Vincebus Eruptum', I'm afraid I was still at the stage of nibbling *Farley's* rusks and throwing up all over my bib! (*I thought that was last week – Ed*). Yup, I have to admit it, I was just too goddamn young to get into Blue Cheer first time around, so this here analysis of 'The Beast . . . Is Back' is guaranteed 110 per cent free of references to those halcyon days of yore!

I'd say that's a good thing. A legend never dies, it's true, but when it makes a come-back it's best to let bygones be bygones. This is 1985 and if Blue Cheer want to be taken seriously then they've got to measure up to the Leppards, Maidens *et al* of this world. They certainly do that in the waistband area, but *musically*? Well, it's not too bad an effort, I reckon . . .

Apparently, songs such as 'Babylon', 'Parchment Farm' and 'Out Of Focus' are reworkings of old tunes, but they sound fresh and exciting enough to be relevant to the likes of myself – to the new breed. Perhaps that's due to the formidable guitar work of 'new boy' Tony Rainier, not an original good Cheer bringer but certainly a real Fender bender. Perhaps it's due to new technology that makes for a full-sounding, live reproduction on *Side Two* of 'The Beast . . .'. But whatever the reason, this live foray is certainly pleasing to the old lobes, as is the studio work on *Side One*.

Vocalist/bassist Dicky Peterson seems not to have lost any of that old rebel rousing holler, coupling it to pretty hot new ditties such as 'Ride With Me' and 'Nightmare'. But, of course, Blue Cheer couldn't let the opportunity slip by without giving 'Summertime Blues' a real Eighties GBH job.

There's enough packed in here to suggest that Peterson, Rainier and original drummer Paul Whaley weren't as misguided as you might have thought in shaking off those Sixties cobwebs! One more for the road, lads. HOWARD JOHNSON

MORE REVIEWS PAGE II

THE POWER STATION: talkin 'bout my 'generation' . . .

NO SELL OUT!

THE POWER STATION
'The Power Station'
(Parlophone Records POST 1)
KKKKK

FIVE K's. CORRECT. Nose-candy of the very highest quality, straight from the Ming Dynasty. *Organically manufactured sophistication that will suck the juice from your hardest bone, an illicit confection of pleasures guaranteed to leave you scarred with the bruises of the most permanent addition, the Power Station play with an aim that is true and a polish that is mirror-in-the-bathroom smooth . . .*

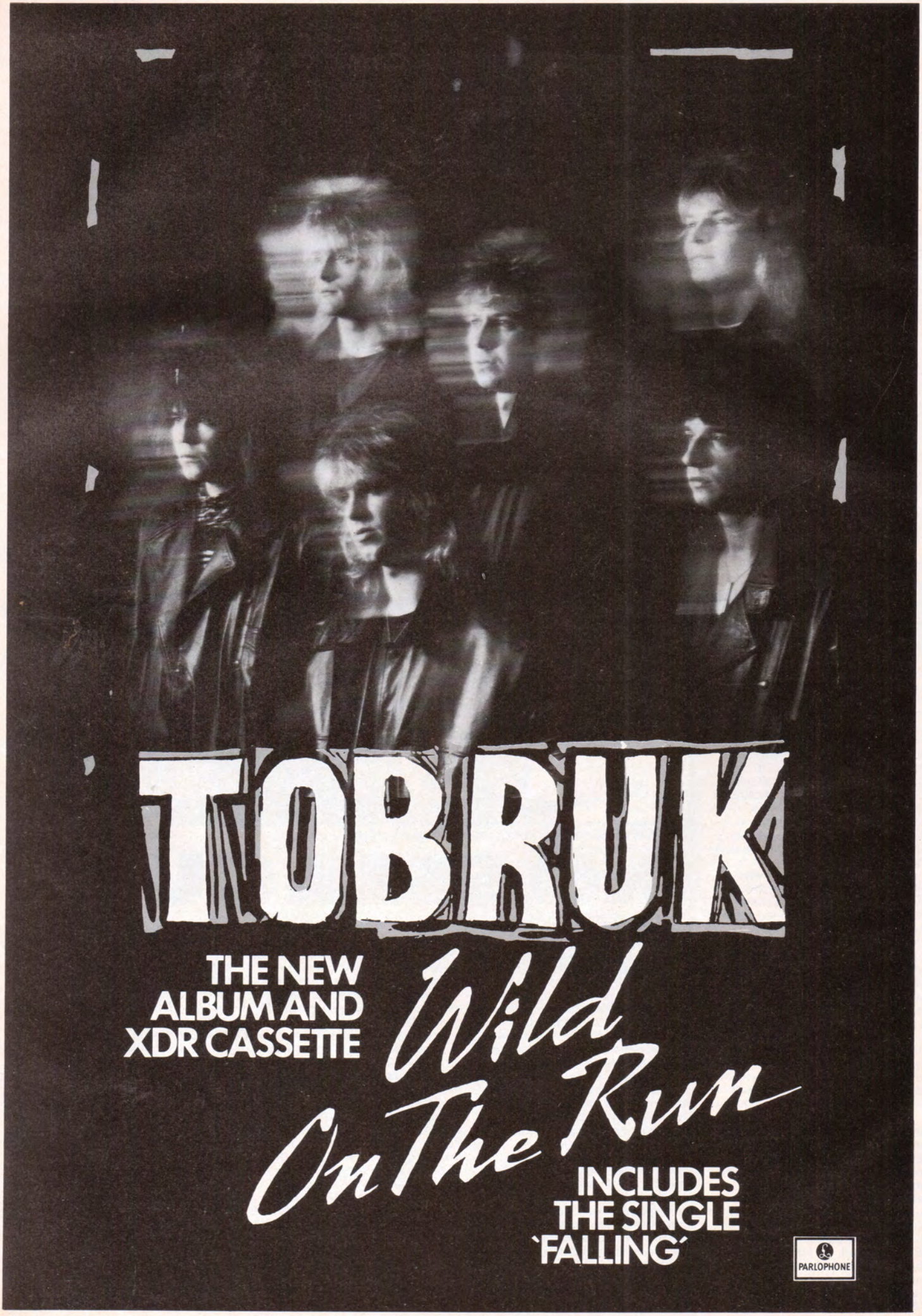
Gritty city-slickers all, the Power Station are Robert Palmer (vocals), Andy Taylor – yup, one and the same Durannie, *fight-fans – (lead guitar), John Taylor – chuckle, chuckle – (bass) and Bowie's regular drummer, Chic man Tony Thompson. And if you can restrain yourself from sneering for just one moment – wake up at the back of the class there! – let me tell you here and now that 'The Power Station' rocks badder than a double-jointed whore on a busy Saturday night: you know, no gaps, no cracks, no sell out. I'm serious . . .*

The single kicks off the album with a crackle and a spurt; grisly guitar-dangling-at-the-knees knuckle amped-up on big braised-beef bang-crash-wallop drums and percussion, everything well funky, well tight, the drama being piled on by the pomp and stomp of the wonderful Bernard Edwards production. A perfect example of how to play hard rock to see out the last deperate wheeze of this doomed and drugged 20th Century . . . aw, this is mutant territory, and after 'Murderess' comes mooching on all fours out of the speakers I need a tranc to cool me out . . .

As for 'Get It On' . . . oh, mother . . . and 'Harvest For The World' . . . Ernie Isley, you don't know what you've done to these boys . . . Bitch rock, butch body-work recorded at the fabled Powerstation Studios *in New York along with guest appearances from countless numbers of the world's finest (and most expensive) session musos, ('The Power Station' will overload your thrill-circuits and relieve you of much mental pain . . .* and *you can dance to it (ask 'Krusher' . . .).*

'Go To Zero' blitzes out at the finale with some fine, fine, lead-bleed from young Andy, who only ever wanted to be Keef Richards with the carbon-flash of a junior Mick Taylor anyway. Honest, it's a whole new groove, as exciting a turn-on as I would care to kick out with this side of the last Stones album.

Oh come on, gimme a break! I don't care which pop band two of 'em play with, it's only money, don't take it so personally. 'The Power Station' reeks of quality that transcends all your filthiest prejudices. Rock! That's right, ROCK! MICK WALL


TOBRUK
THE NEW ALBUM AND XDR CASSETTE
Wild On The Run
INCLUDES THE SINGLE 'FALLING'
PARLOPHONE

FROM PAGE 9

SLADE
'Rogues Gallery'
(RCA PL 70604)
KKK½

THERE'S NO knocking something like this, you just can't take it away from Messrs Holder and Lea as composers and Hill and Powell as performers! Over the several billion years that this particular 'rogues gallery' have been cranking it out they've honed their *art* to perfection. Would using a term like 'apotheosis' be too strong in this context? (*I can't say, as I don't know what it means! – Ed.*)

Possibly, but what we're presented with here – Slade's *n*th album – is ten songs that are each hung around totally brilliant choruses; you just can't help but want to singalongaNoddy every time he wraps his sandpaper vocals around one. I mean, forget the bits in between (well, no, don't because he actually manages to come up with the occasional inspired lyric, but you know what I mean!) – this band has always been about hooks and here they're dripping aplenty!

Now as far as the word 'art' goes, that might be stretching it a little, but then the greatest art created in rock 'n' roll comes from the people who know the best places to steal from – Bowie, after all, is the supreme master of the rip-off! – and throughout this album there's that nagging feeling that you've heard this somewhere before but can't quite place it. But the great thing is that it really doesn't matter; sure they've stolen Big Country's 'bagpipe' guitar sound (E-bows to the fore here!) on several of the tracks, but they do it all with a cheeky grin and a tip of the hip-flask! It's wonderful, it's FUN!

And *fun* may be the keyword – as opposed to *art* or any of that stuff. There's nothing on either side of 'RG' to be taken seriously, nothing that couldn't be adopted as a terrace-anthem on a Saturday afternoon. This is music to shout on the team, to whoop and party to. You want serious music? Look elsewhere (check out the Sisters Of Mercy, OK?). You want to dance through the alcoholic haze? Yes? Buy this album!

So where does that leave us? Well, with an album recorded in no less than four different studios and mixed in another two that still hangs together, ten variations on the theme of Party Rock that has only taken *this* long to get to you courtesy of the inexplicable bombing of the last single, 'Seven Year Bitch'. Meanwhile, the new single 'Myzsterious Mizster Jones' (someone buy these people a damn dictionary!) (*And me, so I can look up what 'apotheosis' means – Ed.*), I am reliably informed, sounds not wholely unlike Laura Branigan's 'Gloria' . . . but then who am I to quibble?

As far as I'm concerned, my only real complaint is that I could have suffered this album being a shade heavier. But apart from that it's thumbs-up all the way!

DAVE DICKSON

ERIC CLAPTON
'Behind The Sun'
(Duck Records 925166-1)
KKKK

METAPHORICALLY SPEAKING, of course, 'Behind The Sun' is a breath of fresh air from a geezer who's been in need of a Listerene *gargle for quite a while now. And the medicinal muso at the helm of Clapton's latest and most enjoyable vinyl voyage is none other than Phil Collins, a man whose work rate over the last couple of years or so would keep British Rail going until the next ice age.*

As Chris Welch rightly report in the last issue, E.C. is sounding fresh and frisky at the moment. He may have had his problems in recent years, and I dare say I wasn't alone in casting doubts, but present evidence would seem to suggest that he's back on the case – my first dose of the single, 'Forever Man', told me that!

On the first side, the Ted Templeman produced 'See What Love Can Do' and 'Something's Happening' stand out for me. Both penned by Jerry Lynn Williams, the former is

'EL BOY': frisky!

marvellously smooth and catchy, straight from the Toto song book of classy AOR fodder, while the latter has a soulful singalong quality that rounds the side off well.

Elsewhere, 'She's Waiting' is a pleasantly catchy opening but not one of the strongest items on show, 'Same Old Blues' is really just what the title suggests, and Eddie Floyd's 'Knock On Wood' gets another airing.

Side Two? *Well, that's more like it, Eric, me ol' china. 'Forever Man' leads the way with a 'Layla'-ish swagger and really the only thing wrong with it is that it only lasts three minutes and 12 seconds. Gimme the extended 12-inch – quick!*

The mind-mannered 'It All Depends' is next, followed by 'Tangled In Love' and 'Never Make You Cry', a lovely ballad featuring some neat guitar/synth work from E.C. and that man Collins on backing vocals.

Finally, the short and sweet title track wraps things up, but not before one last bash with 'Just Like A Prisoner' which builds into a stirring climax courtesy of some thunderous drum exchanges between Collins and Jamie Oldaker. Watch out for the ending, though . . .

If you have caught wafts of the Clapton legend as one of rock's ultimate Guitar Heroes and expect this to be a spectacular six-string bonanza, forget it. But if you like your music cool and classy, then I'd recommend 'BTS' for young and old.

MARK PUTTERFORD

SAM THUNDER
'Manoeuvres'
(Bulleon)
KK

GRACE UNDER pressure! Somewhere in the back streets of Manchester, while t'rain lashes against the windows of the pork pie factory where they work, two slightly bent, somewhat dishevelled figures sit tasting the 'savour-ability' of the latest batch of 'Percy's Pork Pies'. Remarkable? Hardly. Historic? Nah! But this sight is ever so slightly odd! For admidst the dismal damp and the semi-chomped remains of Percy's rejects, the super smooth sheen of satin tour jackets glints on!

The Teaze logo, somewhat faded, sits sadly on the back of Kevin Reid (*aka* Kick Ass Kevin Kozak), one time loud-mouthed leader of Manc's hot Rox. Van Halen, meanwhile, perches percariously on the shoulders of Tex Barlow, erstwhile groin-thrusting frontman of VH worshippers Sam Thunder.

With a tear in their glazzies, the boys discuss their heady rock 'n' roll heyday when it was all about who had the biggest bulge and the most OTT vocab! Singing? Barf, who needed it?! Plain blunt front was all you needed to kick into the groove and someway, somehow, it seemed to work. Believe you me, early Sam Thunder and Rox demos will always stick close to the rock 'n' roll beat of my heart! Anyway, pssst you two, you're probably better off where you are, cos Rox appear to have all but ground to a halt, while Sam Thunder . . . well, read on!

Sam Thunder have released their first piece of vinyl in picture disc form. Very pretty it is too, showing that the band know exactly how to tie bits of cloth around their wrists! Unfortunately, that's about as exciting as 'Manoeuvres' gets – a real case of rags . . . to yet more rags!

Really it's hard to credit the Sam Thunder of '85 as having ever played a part in Tex's superb Halen banter ranter 'Always The Pretty One' a coupla years back.

Nope, the Thunders have now lost any inkling of humour that they once possessed, preferring to churn out what Suter would most likely call 'supremely crafted hints of hard rock melody!' To these ears, however, that would be pulling an enormously large backdrop down over everyone's eyes and quite simply evading the truth!

Sure, Sam Thunder have added keyboardist Mike Heppleston to bring some 'colour' to the band and brought in a Jon Deverill clone to give some gloss to their sound, but the end result is purely and simply vacuous.

My heart did not leap in excitement . . . not even once, and knowing the genuine feelings of the band and respecting them as people, this is not a pleasant critique to have to turn in.

HOWARD JOHNSON

FROM PAGE 11

TEEZE
'Teeze'
(SMC-1200)
KKKK½

Hero worship! I've unwrapped a wild one here. Teeze are a five-piece from Pennsylvania and quite honestly brethren, I've not heard such wondrous American hot-spot Metal in ages. If you can imagine a fresh, gum-chewing amalgam of Ratt, Kiss, Van Halen, Aerosmith, Starz, etc . . . then you're into the gargantuan groove on this deck of pussy sniffing pubescence. What more can I say, except that the guitars of Brian Stover and Gregg Malack outflank most rivals, whilst lead vocalist Luis Rivera manages to both sing and pout with the same pair of lips.

Buy, buy, buy . . . Teeze are truly wonderful and their anthemic 'Party Hardy' is a worthy successor to Kiss' 'Rock And Roll All Nite'. . .

REVENGE
'Hotzone'
(Minotauro EP8404)
K½

Revenge are aptly named. It's clearly a heinous plot launched on the world by a secret society of Caligula/Thrash Metal fans who, behind solid walls in a Roman sewer, have plotted for years to make the world pay the price for so debunking the memory of this most warped of ancient Roman emperors. Well, it's worked. I resign. And getting Caligula's old horse in to handle the vocals was a stroke of debauched genius.

PARASITE
'Parasite'
(Sword MLP 003)
KK½

Well, at least this Swedish quartet have attempted to smooth out their rough 'n' basic delivery with some touches of subtlety. 'In The Beginning' opens with a swathe of Bach-inspired keyboards from Paul Zanichelli, whilst 'Burnin'' has a gentle acoustic passage. But, for the most part, this has to be put down as competent Metal with little style or substance.

CRYING STEEL
'Crying Steel'
(Metal Eye ME 002)
K½

Yet more Italians with precious little idea and not quite enough enthusiasm to carry the day. Lead vocalist Luca Bonzagni wants to be Klaus Meine but ends up sounding like Arthur Scargill, whilst the songs . . . well, they're more inept jam sessions than structured arrangements. Italians may be able to play football, but they sure as hell can't rock 'n' roll.

WEEKERTIN DAZE
'What Will You Do To Rock'
(Mystic Records MLP-MINI-5)
KK

A Californian quintet who sound quite horrible in places (ie on the turntable), but somehow earn my complete sympathy if only because anyone who tries to rip off Quiet Riot has gotta be mentally retarded.

TEEZE: 'a fresh, gum-chewing amalgam of Ratt, Kiss, Van Halen, Aerosmith, Starz . . .'

'Take It Down' sounds like DuBrow's dunderheads trying to rip the heart out of yet another Slade anthem. Perhaps some kind soul should get Weekertin Daze a selection from the Noddy Holder back-katalogue for Xmas, so at least they can start mimicking the masters rather than the orang-utans!

HEXX
'No Escape'
(Shrapnel 1016)
KKK½

This is definitely not recommended to any poor souls who believe that boiling oil should only be used to fry up a portion of chips! No, Hexx are a US quartet who drip hot fat all over unsuspecting Shy fans. We're talkin' about scalding on the wax hoarding as 'Terror' melts into 'Invader', which breaks down under the strain of 'Beware Of The Darkness'.

Sure, the production (courtesy of Steve Fontaro) is a little cluttered, but, aw shucks, my old, old, old pal Bertie Bromide hasn't had so much fun since he set fire to Pudding Lane all those centuries ago.

GRIFFIN
'Flight Of The Griffin'
(Shrapnel 1015)
KK

Not to be confused with early Seventies British crump-horn experts Gryphon (hi, Dave), this lot come from California, pose on the back of the sleeve in what looks suspiciously like a forest I know on the outskirts of Bexhill (demonic, maaan) and are attempting to put a little brooding menace back into semi-Thrash sub-Maiden Metal.

Well, I guess that since I spent a lot of the time laughing this isn't quite a success, but the venomous guitars of Yaz (the man who didn't put the '00' in Yazoo) and Rick Cooper beckon on the listener with fiery abandon, giving the band an earnest edge to their razor style. But what's the betting that vocalist William Rodrick McKay learnt how to 'sing' at the feet/paws of Scoobee Doo?!

SODOM
'In The Sign Of Evil'
(SPV MINI-LP 60-2120)
KKKK

"What is it??!!" screams the disembowled Palmer in fear of his life.

"Total death," I reply, sadistically enjoying every last belch, belt and battering. Sodom are a German trio who come on like the darkest, fastest side of Venom – only better! 'Bestial disaster' vocalist Angel Ripper makes Cronos sound like Minnie Mouse; the 'atomic drum invasion' of Witchhunter is guaranteed to have sensitive Suterian folk reaching for the 'Hedex' tablets; whilst the 'dynamic power plant guitar' of Grave Violator (don'tcha just love these stage monickers?!) plays heavily on the dental drill effect.

Yeah, Doc Doom has returned to his Black Metal roots. This is hot stuff. See you in hell, boys; just save me the warm seat in the fourth row.

TREAT
'Scratch And Bite'
(Mercury 824 353-1)
KKK½

This is well-drilled melodic Metal from a Swedish quintet who sound as if they're on the right path. The problem is that everything is just too derivative. The boys look like a cross between Ratt and Black 'N Blue whilst sounding very similar to Leppard (witness 'Get You On The Run', which is a virtual re-write of 'Too Late').

Still, it makes a pleasant change from the run-of-the-mill Scanda crud. File under 'promising'.

PILEDRIVER
'Metal Inquisition'
(Cobra CL1001)
KKKKK

*At first, we all thought this was a send-up of the Thrash/Speed/Black Metal genre (*Some of us still do – Ed*), but it turns out that these Canadian snake fiends are* genuine. *However, this is still an hysterical work of genius. Song titles such as 'Human Sacrifice', 'Sex With Satan' (featuring lines like* 'The devil wants to like you . . .'*), 'Alien Rape' and 'Sodomize The Dead' are wonderfully repulsive.*

If you are warped (like me) then this is for you . . . if not, avoid at all costs!

DEEP THROAT
'The Devil In Miss Jones'
(Deep Throat 1982)
K

Pure S&M-inspired garbage. At high speed, on tracks like the title cut, this German mob are at least laughable, but when they try to play *('Gambling With The Devil'), the whole sick caboodle becomes an utter nonsense. One for the crocodile to chew on between meals.*

DESTRUCTION
'Sentence Of Death'
(SPV Best NR 60-1838)
KK½

Why have I buried my head under a mound of blankets? Surely I'm tough enough to take the instrumental blitz of this German trio? Well, yeah, I just wish they'd put a bit more thought into the production. Slash Metal is all very well, but the absence of any mixing techniques suggests that these boys have got a lot to learn. Still, 'Mad Butchers' is fun.

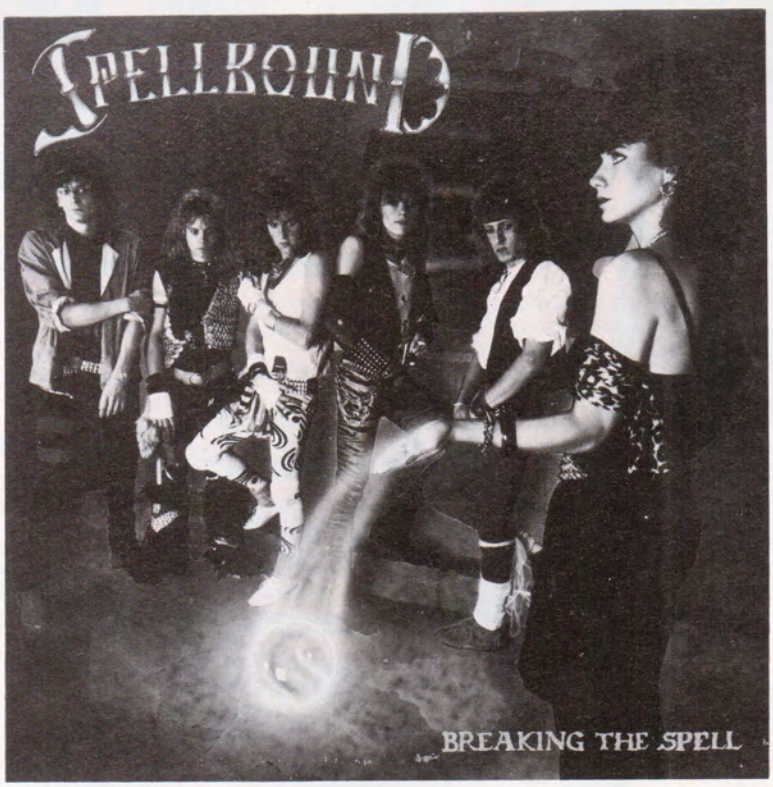
Round-up by MALCOLM DOME

(Thanks to Shades for review kopies)

SPELLBOUND

Breaking The Spell

'Spellbound are without a doubt the best Metal band Scandinavia has ever produced .. .. .. in fact, on an international scale they're one of the best commercial HM bands I've heard .. .. .. an obligatory purchase for all self-respecting Kerrang! readers.'



Available now on SONET RECORDS
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The first SPELLBOUND recordings can be heard on "SWEDISH METAL" Sonet Records (SNTF929). Also featuring UNIVERSE, SHED and MOTHERLODE.

Sonet Records are distributed by PRT

Pic Geoffrey Thomas

WACKO, Raven drummer: "He's totally gone . . . his latest craze is punching the cymbals and headbutting the monitors!"

HARD NUTS

The rebirth of RAVEN by Howard Johnson

"IT'S A LONG way to the top if you wanna rock 'n' roll!"

BON SCOTT, my old son, you were not jesting when you etched that little number on the collective hearts of the rock 'n' roll clientele!

God knows how many paths have been forged across the length and breadth of countless nations in a seemingly endless search for the sarcophagus containing treasures sublime, beyond the hopes, if not the dreams, of those driven to create music, to fulfil their art. Jeez, it's almost funny to think of the thousands let loose from the trap, whippets scampering after the rabbit with nary a thought for the feasibility of their aim! Just like those damn greyhound races, the rabbit usually eludes the rock 'n' roll doggies who are left with a heavy sweat, tongues a-salivatin' and precious little else to show for their endeavours.

At least, this might appear funny to those who stand on the outside peeking in. But to those submerged in the rock 'n' roll rat race this quest has become one serious venture.

"When we got the major label deal we didn't go out and get pissed, thinking we'd done it all. What we said was, 'Right, let's get down to the *real* business, let's get down to work'. Not that we're serious bastards about everything, though!"

Maybe not *everything*, but a single glance into the deep-set eyes of Raven bassist John Gallagher is enough to tell you that this is one very 'serious bastard'. Why else would I be sitting with John and guitar slingin' kid bro Mark in a New York hotel, running over every aspect of Raven's career with a fine tooth comb?!

It's not just for fun that the brothers Gallagher and drummer Wacko have turned their backs on home turf, families, girlfriends and Newcy Brown in order to re-locate in New Jersey, the true arse-end of the US. It's not just for fun that Raven have endured five years of serious financial deprivation and a social life that's been about as full as Howard Hughes' engagements diary. Nah, it's because Raven have the right stuff, the unknown X factor that separates the men from the boys: that desire to succeed against all the odds!

Yeah, you might have heard and seen it documented in the cases of hundreds of others, but for every success story that *Kerrang!* brings you, there are literally thousands of tales of rock 'n' roll heartbreak and disillusion.

"We haven't got that one-hit wonder mentality, y'know. We've paid our dues."

Too right – in pretty much every currency you care to mention. Raven? Raven *mad*, more like. This is quite possibly the ultimate saga of how the impossible was turned full fool circle into the possible. Indiana Jones? Pah! But a paltry minion in this here battle against the odds, a pretender to the Raven throne. Go play with yer lasoo 'n' whip, li'l boy!

SO HOW is it that a three-piece power trio from the darkest depths of the UK stand strong and proud overlooking Central Park, with a very handy little contract from *Atlantic Records* stuffed firmly into trouser pockets and with real tasty leather jackets covering top halves? A long and complicated tale for us Limeys who (it must be said) had for the greater part forgotten that Raven ever plugged into a PA and let rip!

Yet it's a tale worthy of the telling, beginning with the almost mythical figure of one John Zazula (*aka* Johnny Z), an import record store in Clerk, New Jersey, and a whole lot of blood, guts and beer. So let go of yer snooker cues buddies, down that flat P of B with no head on it and listen to someone with a story to recount.

Johnny Z, all Grizzly Adams face fungus and stance, was providing a valuable service for American Metal fans, starved of the harder end of the spectrum through excessive breast-feeding on REO, Kansas and Toto. The Z was (and still is) mountainous mogul of *Rock 'N' Roll Heaven*, Clerk's commando at the helm of the East Coast's major Metal import store, the man who found that Raven's 'Rock Till You Drop' LP was kicking down sales doors in mean, mean style . . .

"He saw that there was a big demand for a lot of the bands whose albums he was stocking to play live," says John G, "and as there was no-one else bringing these acts over, he figured that he was as qualified as anyone to get a piece of the action. He called us up out of the blue and invited us over to play six dates with Anvil, which we did, and the response was phenomenal."

Thus an act finding it difficult to gain good road holding in the UK suddenly saw that wheels were turning three thousand miles away. Ask 'em why, and they're as non-plussed as anyone . . .

"It wasn't that English fans were unsupportive," adds Mark, "it's just that the industry back home was really f**king us over. We found that we'd been bracketed with bands like Budgie, bands who'd plugged away for years without ever getting anywhere. Things got so bad that people weren't even bothering to listen to what we were doing."

The States, meanwhile, was proving to be of exactly opposite mind. Hardcore/Underground Metal was growing and Raven were in prime position to spread their wings and ride the rock 'n' roll roller coaster *via* a ball-breakin' 36 date coast to coast US tour in early '83 with Thrash masters Metallica in tow. John:

"We really saw huge potential for the band both in Europe and especially the States, but things weren't happening with our record and management deals in England with *Neat*. To get where we really wanted to go we decided that we had to make a clean break and almost start from scratch. When we did the tour with Metallica we had no album to promote but we were set on playing with the intention of getting a major deal and a worldwide major agency deal. To cut a long story short, we did it, simple as that!"

He emits a wry laugh, that 'serious bastard' look flashing across his face as clear as crystal. The truth is that those goals were achieved through knock, knock, knockin' on *Rock 'N' Roll Heaven's* door, through milking Raven's pulling potential on the underground market, and also through sheer slog (the band's studio album at the time, 'All For One', was, by their own admission, two dimensional, and didn't make their task any easier!). And if the whole shebang sounds a little calculating and manipulative, then you obviously aren't aware of Raven's steadfast refusal to be categorised, to passively accept an underground tag *per se*.

"WE TRY to be as original as possible in everything we do. We take it as a great compliment that the Underground Metal movement accepted us, but we really feel that our music will appeal to more than just a minority. People in the business over here have made a lot of comparisons between ourselves and the Who and that's very much what we're aiming for – to be a band that's accepted because we are what we are!"

That's what John's heart yearns for now, pride and individuality. Mark:

"A lot of people over here regard our first album as a classic and see us as the daddies of Thrash Metal, but a lot of the Thrash bands took the basic formula, took out all the melody and produced 400 mph total noise. They bastardised the form."

John is a little more vitriolic in his dismissal of the noise makers . . .

"I think a lot of that scene is utter crap. Some of our earlier songs were very fast for the simple reason that we weren't particularly mature as musicians and didn't know how to *control* what we were doing. Y'know, people ask me these days if I like Heavy Metal and I automatically say 'yes', but then I wonder, because a lot of what is classed as Heavy Metal has absolutely nothing to do with where I'm at musically."

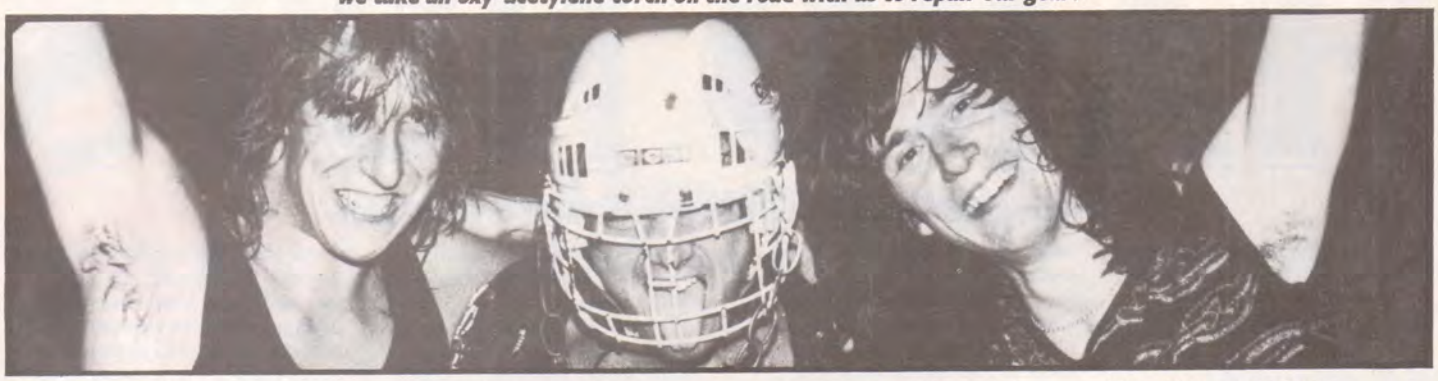
And if you're of a cynical disposition being aware of Raven's rawhide musical track record, then I suggest you take time out to investigate a pristine copy of the band's first *Atlantic* LP, 'Stay Hard'.

As an album it's very much like a fish out of water, scales indentical but environment much altered, much more liberated. The music does indeed stay hard but there's a particularly welcome breath of fresh air whistling through the grooves . . .

" 'Stay Hard' is very obviously the same band," states John, "but everything on this new album is so much better than anything we've done before. We didn't have too much control over what we were doing in the early days and we couldn't financially do some of the things we wanted to. Those early LPs really represented a great learning period that enabled us to reach the position we're in today. We've now recorded an album that's powerful but also diverse. *Anyone* can listen to it!"

KONTINUES OVER

RAVEN RAVAGERS Mark, Wacko and John: "Smashing things up is a lot of what Raven's about . . . we take an oxy-acetylene torch on the road with us to repair our gear!"



Pic Kevin Hodapp

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Anyone who doesn't think that rock 'n' roll are dirty words that is! For rock 'n' roll it is, no doubt about that, careering all across that broad and lurid spectrum with such tough statements of intent as the title track and a re-recorded, revitalised 'Hard Ride' seguing into the sensual ebb and flow of 'Pray For The Sun' (Beatles psychedelia revisited, wouldya believe?!) and instrumental 'The Bottom Line', where experimentation with an ebullient brass section pays handsome dividends. This here Raven is staying hard, while becoming more cerebrally active.

WITHOUT QUESTION this is Raven's most mature, thoughtful piece to date. But isn't there a danger of it loosening the band's stranglehold grip on their hardcore following? Raven ain't too concerned.

"We'll hold onto our underground following cos when we go out live they'll see that the new songs are just as powerful as anything we've ever done. We are simply not afraid of *anyone* in the live environment. We know that we can go out there and kill cos people have been telling us that for five years, and after a while you start to believe 'em. We can blow anyone off stage.

"We've been refused tour supports with Deep Purple, Ratt and Triumph, so that's why we have to go out and promote this new LP on our own. There are so many bands who claim how high energy they are but when you actually go to see them live they might as well be waiting for the bus home! If you truly believe in your own ability then you won't worry about who opens for you, which is why we're gonna take either Loudness or Armored Saint out with us."

And by all accounts the Raven show is gong to be more of an outrageous event than ever before, which should be a real sight for sore eyes judging from the highly explosive shots which accompanied the band's double 'Live At The Inferno' extravaganza.

"Oh yeah," gushes Mark, "we've got the killer instinct more than ever before and we're gonna be going out to tear heads off! We spent a lot of money that we didn't have to make the '. . . Inferno' stage show something special so now that we *do* have an advance in our pockets we're gonna come up with something truly outrageous. We're getting the people who designed the Judas Priest stage shows to come up with something for us so it's gonna be a really professional set-up right across the board!"

Insanity being the name of the game . . .

"We've hired this black lighting guy who looks a witch doctor yet talks like Roger Moore, so he should come up with something pretty wild. Then there'll be ramps constructed in a figure of eight allowing us to perform at all kinds of different heights (John and Mark are both wire-less in terms of instruments and mikes) and the pyros are gonna be lethal!"

ALL OF which is a million light ales removed from the three naive, yet enthusiastic, young bucks who kicked into gear at Nottingham Boat Club when I last clocked Raven way back in '82. In those faraway daze it was very much a case of singing for your supper, but now the band represent one complete and powerful package.

We're faced with wilder stage antics and a far more potent image, with Mark and John presenting their Kurt Russell patented 'Escape From New York' look and Wacko indulging in some well and truly 'out there' visual stunts decked out in full American footballer *chic*. And with Wacko there exists a tale of sad human decline which can only be described as curiouser and curiouser . . .

The third part of the band's management triumvirate of The Z, wife Marsha and Tony Incigeri can only shrug his shoulders and lift a despairing set of paws to the gods at the very mention of his stick swingin' *protegé* . . .

"I guess the American air has f**ked up his brains," he succinctly summarises. And who can argue? Apparently, the volatile Wacko has been given an in-house embargo against taking part in any Raven interviews from now on because of the . . . er . . . unpredictability of his chracter.

"Oh God, yeah. He's totally gone," chuckles Mark. "When we went up to sign contracts with *Atlantic* Wacko took a look at all the gold albums on the wall and decided that there wasn't enough space for Raven. He soon put that right by throwing a few about the room. We had to put a stop to him or the whole of our advance would have gone in five minutes!"

The mayhem never stops . . .

"He's just gone totally nuts onstage these days, to the point where it's *dangerous* for us to be up there with him. His latest craze is punching the cymbals and headbutting the monitors!"

Which leads to definite insurance problems, as Mark points out . . .

"We had to cancel a few dates on our last US tour cos Wacko totalled himself, but our insurance policy didn't cover the claim cos he broke a bone in his finger not from playing but from *punching* a cymbal! So we're now working on a policy with *Lloyd's* of London that will cover us for any damage or injury that we might receive while onstage.

"A lot of the OTT business that bands indulge in onstage is just a pose, however. I mean, anyone can set fire to a fake *Strat* and then break it with a wee axe, can't they Wolf?"

CERTAINLY not shrinking violets, are they now? America has fostered the confidence as well as the talent of the band far more than the UK ever could or did. Fortunately, however, their UK following has accepted the situation with typical British grace . . .

"We all went back home for Christmas and the general atmosphere around Newcastle was really positive – kinda local lads made good. We definitely didn't feel any of that Def Leppard antagonism syndrome. I mean, that's only disappearing now and it took the drummer losing his arm for it to happen!"

Turn talk to the question of a UK sell out and John is downright hostile . . .

"America proved to be where our future lies and if anyone tells us that we've sold out I'll tell 'em to f**k off! You've gotta have a certain sensibility as to where you're most wanted and everyone can see that we've made no musical compromises to get where we want to go. England is always going to be home but to a certain extent these days home is where your suitcase is dumped. What can you do?"

Or, more appropriately, what would *you* do?! The US connection has allowed Raven to haul themselves into a new stratosphere where their league status is rapidly becoming BIG. There's the *Atlantic* deal in the face of stiff inter-label scrimmaging, an agency association with *Premier Talent*, also responsible for Journey and Van Halen, the possibility of wrestling a signed and sealed publishing deal back into their own hands, a video for 'On And On' directed by the team responsible for Cyndi Lauper's work, and an album that's certain to go top 100 Stateside . . . it all serves to confirm that famous old adage of success from XS . . .

"Smashing things up is a lot of what Raven's about," grins Mark. "We must be the only band to take an oxy-acetylene torch out on the road with us to repair our gear. Instruments are just tools, y'know, there's nothing sacred about 'em! People treat us with the utmost contempt because we have no respect for anything!"

Apart from their own all-consuming desire to succeed, that is. Raven regard themselves as pioneers, one step ahead of the competition, and with their present position resonating so healthily, it'd take some serious guts to back against these boys. Times are tough for us Brits in the current currency scramble (Sushi for two costs a staggering 30 quid in Manhattan these days!), but the way things are going, Raven could soon be up there as one of Britain's major exports.

'STAY HARD, STAY WET, STAY HUNGRY!' I don't think I could have summed it up better myself!!

SHORT

Reviewed by PANDORA PEROXIDE

. . . AND THERE I woz sittin' in the hallowed Kerrang! *office casually sippin' at someone's bottle of* JD, *when I got an attack of the nibbles! But with no hog in sight, I reached for the new release pile . . .*

TOK-IO ROSE: 'Bad Girls' (Ebony)
Sometimes I think that people imagine I like tediously typical heavy rock toons like this. But calories be damned – I like a bit more icing on my cake.

KARTOON: 'Overnight Sensation' (Bronze)
MMM! Not a bad little snack. It contains a line which has gotta be the ultimate rock 'n' roll lie: "*I'm not in it for the money*". Ha! Laugh? I nearly passed round the *Jack Daniels*! Radio rock with gutz.

GREG KIHN: 'Lucky' (EMI America)
This is krap with a capital 'K'! How do I say this record sucks without soundin' crude? Howzabout – I don't mean to sound crude, but this record sucks!?

JOHN WAITE: 'Restless Heart' (EMI America)
Er . . . well . . . it's nice. You can take that as a compliment if you like, but if you called me 'nice' you'd find out what a knuckle sandwich tasted like! There I go . . . thinkin' about food again . . .

MEAT LOAF: 'Piece Of The Action' (Arista)
. . . And while we're on the subject of food – it's Meat! A big man, with a big mouth and big sound. Yeah, it's substantial but not exactly three-course.

ZERO NINE: 'Never Stop Running' (Virgin Scandinavia)
The press release claims that this mob are the pride of Finnish heavy rock. Say *what?* Ya mean the other Fin bands are capable of bein' even *less* average than this? I'd take a bite of Hanoi Rocks or Easy Action waaay before this bowl of *Alpen*.

WHITE HEAT: 'Soldier Of Fortune' (RSR)
A lot of enthusiasm, some nice (we know about nice) guitar . . . but it's amazin' what you can't do with a one-track studio. Bitch, Bitch!

RATT: 'Round And Round' (Atlantic)
Not exactly the new Aerosmith (a different class, darlings!), although I can see the comparison, Ratt are nonetheless a truly exciting bunch – raunched-up an' dirty. Sadly, however, 'Round And Round' is only the pudding to the flip's ('You Think You're Tough') meat 'n' spuds. Most fulfilling!

MAGNUM: 'Just Like An Arrow' (FM Records)
Hold the phone! An almost inspired HM reckerd! Not bad, not bad at all! Would ya believe this particular opus has that dogy little something often referred to as 'chart potential'?

TERRAPLANE: 'I Survive' (Epic)
Hmmm . . . now this is well worth shovin' yer fork into. Terraplane have definitely got somethin' – and they didn't get it off me! Sprinkled with a fresh approach and a hearty helpin' of originality, 'I Survive' is well worth consumption! Burp! S'cuse *moi*!

BEDLAM: 'Take It To The Top' (Virgin)
More 'heard it all before' stuff from this Swedish (I believe) outfit who dare to boast on the sleeve of this 12-incher – '*contains full blown motorbike version*'. Wouldn't catch me revvin' my scoot to it, baby!

JASON & THE SCORCHERS: 'White Lies' (EMI America)
I'd be tempted to compare this to one Thomas Petty if it weren't for the fact that there's an offerin' from The Man in the impending pile. By the way, the comparison means I like this can of beans.

SLADE: 'Myzsterious Mizster Jones' (RCA)
Far from a klassik Slade stomper, but a nice (nice?) enough break from their recent scarf-wavers.

AUTOGRAPH: 'Turn Up The Radio' (RCA)
Now this morsel moves at a pace I can munch to. Total catchy chorus anthem stuff. How cum Slade didn't make this?

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS: 'Don't Come Around Here No More' (MCA)
Ah! We arrive at the aforementioned Petty single. And I've gotta admit, this record emits a sensitivity that even pierces*my* rock-solid pepped-up an' poundin' heart. Late-nite stuff . . . drift with it . . .

WITCHFYNDE: 'Conspiracy' (Mausoleum)
Well, well, surprise, surprise – a free gift in me cornflakes pack! Like, this record sounds exactly as I expected it to. Grey Metal?!

THE DAMNED: 'Grimly Fiendish' (MCA)
Bleedin' psychedelic punks – what they doin' here!? Sounds like a wicked fairy tale. Maybe ya should've got a free readalong book with it . . .

ASSASSIN: 'Treason' (EMI)
"Gimme all your love, gimme all your love". Oooh! This is faaaar too creative for my humble rock 'n' roll brain. Whitesnake meet Whitesnake and don't get on too well?

JUDIE TZUKE: 'I'll Be The One' (Legacy Records)
Oh Judie, honey, they bunged a goddamn awful pic of you on the sleeve! Still, the song is quite lovely, enchantin', hauntin' . . . shall I go on?

ACCEPT: 'Midnight Mover' (Epic)
Sigh . . . was that me or my stomach groaning? I'd never heard anythin' by these bozos before. Why does it sound like AC/DC? Why do AC/DC sound like AC/DC? Let's get real constructive here . . . I'm off for a burger.

TWISTED SISTER: 'The Price' (WEA)
It's the price we have got to pay for this single that worries me, and being the third from the same LP doesn't make it much of an appetiser . . . guess I'll have to stay hungry!

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DEATH AND GLORY

DAVE CONSTABLE, konnoisseur of Krunch Rock, states the case for lovers of Thrash/Speed/Death Metal. Interview by DAVE DICKSON

ROW, REGULAR readers will appreciate that I am no particular fan of Thrash Metal; I consider much of it (or, to be more specific, ALL of what I have heard) tuneless, directionless, pointless and irritating! It strikes me that what its purveyors lack in musical ability (*ie*, a lot) they try to make up for in velocity. Some 'musicians' (and I use the term loosely) obviously play faster than others and so finish the song (again, loose terminology) before their colleagues. Now on record there's probably a producer of some sort to correct this imbalance, but live there's no avoiding it; anyone who has witnessed a Venom gig will know what I mean.

But despite all these serious deficiences (well, I'd call them serious anyway!) the damn albums keep on selling and Thrash Metal just seems to keep on getting bigger and bigger across the channel, even if the UK and America remain relative havens from these hordes – as yet.

So, in all fairness, *Kerrang*! has decided to turn to someone in the know to put forward the argument for such music, to show us the other side of the coin: that someone is Dave Constable, author of the 'Speed Kills' feature in *Kerrang*! 80, assistant in Mike Shannon's hard rock vinyl sanctuary, *Shades*, and also, incidentally, the man who scripts the inspired *Shades* ads you see every issue in *Kerrang*! . . .

"The general idea behind Thrash Metal, and the way it developed, comes from the fact that there's been a change of influences on new bands, especially in the States. No longer do they see Led Zeppelin as the almighty gods that everyone should copy. Now they've seen bands like Iron Maiden, Saxon and Motörhead come on, and younger bands have been taking their influences from them. They've also seen the punk thing come through and used that as an influence too, mish-mashing it all together to create something that's Heavy Metal in its origins, its bass-lines and guitar sounds, but with the energy that punk left behind.

"The thing is, a lot of Metal these days is getting more and more bland and uninteresting and people are just turning round and saying, 'I want something a bit different, something with a bit of energy and excitement to it!' And that's why there's developed a following for Thrash, though admittedly, not all of it is very good!"

Ah, and here we come to the crux of my argument: energy's all very well, but not at the expense of good musicianship and good songwriting, surely?

"Well, sometimes the two can go hand-in-hand. Are there necessarily *good* musicians in conventional Metal bands? To me, there's a lot of bands who're just churning out wimpish stuff on two chords and still not having that much talent behind it! Status Quo have got away with playing the same couple of chords for years; they don't get slagged off for being average musicians!

"Obviously, the faster and louder you play the more difficult it is for the critics to decide whether you're a good musician or not!"

But who buys Thrash Metal?

"It's a mixture, but I'd say it's definitely the people who're more adventurous in their musical tastes, believe it or not. I know you think that if someone likes that kind of thing they must automatically be narrow-minded, but it tends to be the sort of person who comes into *Shades* and is prepared to listen to *anything*; it doesn't matter how bad the sleeve is or how bad the write-ups have been on the album, people are prepared to listen and see what's going on. We get people in the shop who're just as likely to buy a Michael Bolton album as a Bathory one, their musical taste can be *that* wide.

"A large proportion of them, though, are kids who have been into Motörhead or perhaps hard core punk and seen that side of it die; they're now looking for something to replace that – bands like Metallica or Slayer who're playing at the sort of speed they're used to but with more refinement. Those are the bands who are filling that gap."

But what makes it so popular in Europe in particular?

"It's something to do with the fact that there's a lot more homegrown Metal here and in

the States for people to listen to than there is in Europe. In Belgium and Holland, and even France, kids are having to look outside for Metal to listen to because they've never been encouraged to have any good bands themselves. Even a lot of AOR stuff, that over here has only got a cult following, can be really big in Europe because people are willing to give it a chance and listen to it more."

And, to round off, here is a mini-glossary to accompany some of the Constable terminology employed in the *Shades* adverts:

Semi-Death: "Trying to sound like 'Death Metal' but not quite succeeding."

Total Death: "Verging on noise – a mixture of the fastest, thrashiest punk and Metal bands you could ever imagine. Some really grotesque vocals and, on occasion, pretty out of time drumming, but still coming together to make quite a listenable record!" (I should explain this was in reference to a band called Sodom, so this may not be a blanket explanation).

Intense Death (here referring to Metal Church): "Thinking man's version of Death Metal, not constantly played at the same speed. Definitely more to it than playing at 100mph, although there is that, too."

So there you have it. Hopefully, this will go some way towards restoring the balance and anyone who wants to know more should check with Mr Constable at *Shades*. I'm getting too old for all this; just pass me the Sisters Of Mercy and I'll be happy, OK?!

Pic Ray Palmer

DAVE CONSTABLE: "Obviously, the faster and louder you play the more difficult it is for critics to decide whether you're a good musician or not!"

RED HOT & HEAVY!!
Pic Ross Halfin

KILL WITH POWER!

"We're the heaviest band in America," cackles sneering SLAYER guitarist KERRY KING (left). Mild-mannnered LAURA CANYON ain't about to argue with the man . . .

FIRST TIME I played the first Slayer album it turned green, glooped off the turntable onto the floor and crawled into the cupboard under the sink where it's been serenading the cockroaches to the sound of dripping sewage ever since. Never saw it again and never heard the like until 'Haunting The Chapel', an EP this time, smaller but no less painful; the pic of Steve Perry on a Journey album down the street was seen to weep bitter virgin tears of blood.

Slayer are heavy, Slayer are vicious, Slayer are so demonic they make Venom look like hospital social workers, so fast they make Metallica sound like Linda Ronstadt on 'ludes, so nasty that I'm not gonna mess with them, uh-uh, no way. If Kerry King wants to cackle "Who's this for? *Kerrang*!? *Kerrang*!? – ah, the Metallica magazine!", I'm just gonna smile and nod like one of those dachshunds in the car's back window. Hell (if you'll excuse the expression), he can even write the article if he wants. Go ahead, Kerry: "Just write that to a Journey fan we suck, but to a fan who appreciates fast Metal, it's *great*, it's *phenomenal*." The fire dies in his eyes. "Humbly said".

Humble beginnings, too – just three years together, no previous big-band dues-paying to their name, and they're already one of the biggest names in thrash; headbangers as far away (especially as far away) as Europe drool and buy their records. And there's another one to buy now, 'Hell Awaits'. From little acorns big oak caskets grow . . .

Haven't the faintest where Tom Araya (bass, vocals), Dave Lombardo (drums) and Jeff Hanneman (guitar) are, but Kerry King, axeman and Scourge Of The Unmetal, is here in Hollywood, where I am, mixing the new LP. It's going great, he says, "sounds real good", the "best recording we've done so far", but otherwise the same.

"Our content's about the same – it's just getting stronger, is all, and we're getting a bit better at it; and the production's better too."

No ballads?

"NO," he cackles. "Not at all."

Anti-melody, huh?

"Yeah, I don't like melody too much."

What's it ever done to you?

"Oh, it hasn't hurt me yet," more fiendish laughter, "but I'm not taking any chances."

NEITHER HAVE the major labels. All this talk of every band in LA getting signed, sealed and delivered by the boys with the chequebooks, and Slayer still stand as much of a chance as Ratt in a cat-shop . . .

"I've heard of interest in us," says Kerry.

So how come no deal?

"It seems like they're scared of us because they don't know if we'll sell. I think our next album is going to suprise them – not because it's any more commercial but I think it's going to sell pretty big."

Their first album did pretty damn well for an independent. . . .

"Last I heard it was like 70-75,000. The next one's going to be distributed more, so I expect it'll sell around 100,000. Then it'll probably be on the *Billboard* chart, and once it gets on *Billboard* there'll be more majors looking at us."

So no temptation to resort to – er – *melody* to speed up that interest?

"No," Kerry practically chokes or is that a deconsecrated communion wafer stuck in his throat? "Even if we get an opportunity to sign a contract, we've got lots of things we want to have control over – our material and album covers and stuff, and a lot of majors may not go for that."

Does he reckon there's too many American bands around doing the same old declawed-for-public-consumption Metal, I wonder?

"Yeah, that's one way to look at it."

Another way is that too many bands have bent over backwards, bottomless leather pants an' all, to make it. Kerry does not, you soon gather, think much of the LA Metal scene, the Ratts and the Crües and the W.A.S.P.s; 'fag Metal' and 'posers' are all damned to the bowels of Hades.

"Too many bands have started to sound commercial who started out heavy," booms Kerry.

Like who?

"Mercyful Fate, Metallica."

What about Priest?

"They really sold out! I used to like Maiden, but bands like that, they get a taste of the good life and they just keep writing more commercial stuff."

What about W.A.S.P.?

"That's a joke! Just because you wear leather and studs doesn't mean you're Metal. They're just the same as Mötley Crüe. Not so pretty."

So what *does* he rate?

"I like Venom's older stuff a lot; I like a lot of new bands like Exodus from San Francisco, and I like Suicidal Tendencies' first album, a lot of hardcore thrash stuff."

THE MUSIC that had the greatest effect on Kerry during his formative years was Black Metal.

"I heard Venom and thought, wow, that's neat!" Didn't we all.

But he also thought, "I can do a lot better, like an entire album of it, because I really like it a lot."

He was 13 when he started playing the guitar.

"I had no idea I'd be able to play, I just liked it, so I started taking lessons."

Yes, formally trained! No impersonating KK in front of the mirror for Kerry.

"No, I wasn't a mirror person."

Kerry and Tom started playing together "in a nothing band". Dave lived down the street. "I was playing guitar and he stopped by one day." They were a trio for five minutes and then added Jeff, "and we just all started playing together. We went through our differences and everything, but you get

KONTINUES OVER

SLAYER (from left): Tom Araya, Dave Lombardo, Jeff Hanneman, Kerry King

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

used to each other, you have to stick it out if you want a better band."

Did they start out aiming to be the heaviest group in the States?

"Back then we were just playing, we were just a bunch of kids, we didn't know what we wanted. But once we got our ideas straight we all wanted to be the heaviest."

He reckons they've achieved that.

"Yeah, we're the heaviest."

So how did it develop?

"We liked playing fast and our songs just kept getting faster the more we played them so things just seemed to fall into place."

They didn't start playing the LA clubs for a year.

"We were just like farting around. Then we started playing the club scene, but it wasn't nothing, we were still playing covers. Then about two years ago we said, we've got to do all originals."

So they did. They got a track on one of the 'Metal Massacre' albums on *Metal Blade* and stuck out an LP of their own . . .

"And that hit pretty big, so we set out on a West Coast tour, played an all-round-the-States tour, and now we're home playing some more."

They didn't have trouble getting gigs, he reckons.

But they did have trouble getting audiences.

"We didn't draw for a long time. But now we draw really well. Now the Metal scene's gotten so big they want something heavier than Twisted Sister. We're er, *strange*, I think."

GLAD YOU bought that up. What's this Satanism stuff about? Do they wander around Forest Lawn Mortuary after dark or what?

"I'm interested in it," says Kerry. And mysteriously, "I like to know what's going on. I'm not religious in any way, so people can make what they like of it."

Oh yeah?

"I'd rather sing about the Devil than sing about God – it's interesting, you know? I like to read up on it because it's something I want to know about."

So they don't stick fingernails on goats' hooves?

"No, not yet," he chuckes. "We don't sacrifice babies or burn churches or anything."

Which is not what *I've* heard, but anyway. What inspires such lyrics when they live in a nice comfortable place like LA, where everyone's got money and cars and the time to grow their hair and take quaaludes and it's all *so easy*?

"Well, it's probably easier than England," Kerry laughs. "I haven't been there yet, you know, but everybody says America's a tough place. We weren't raised in Beverly Hills. And, anyway, somebody's got to write about that stuff. We have good ideas. They just flow right out" . . . like blood from a ram's head. Oh yes, he likes watching horror films too.

What effect do they want their music to have on people, I wonder?

"Well, they obviously thrash when they listen to our songs. The letters that we get are from maniacs. A friend of mine listened to our first album and then wrecked a *Jaguar*."

It helps to be rich to be a Slayer fan, then?

"Yeah, well that guy happened to be rich."

Slayer happen not to be. *Metal Blade* doesn't exactly shovel cash in their direction, he says, citing a long hard struggle to the top of the thrash heap. Which reminds me (I'm not going to mess with this guy!) does he mind being called 'Thrash Rock'?

"No, that's fine. What else would you call it? Some people say different things, like Thrash or Black Metal, but it's all the same. We call it *fast*."

What's Slayer got that no other band has?

"We've got the ability to write riffs," laughs Kerry. "A lot of bands you hear deal in dumb chord progressions. We try to be our own critics; if we don't like it it bites the dust right there. But we've got a lot of riffs and a lot of bands can't play them. Our vocals," says honest Kerry, "are just about the same . . ."

THEY SAY that they're their own worst critics, but they can't be any worse than the majority of rock scribes who write them off as horrible noise . . .

"Well, I think they should have a person who likes this kind of music to review it, because somebody who's a Journey fan is going to hate us. You can't just say it's terrible. In the underground magazines we get phenomenal reviews."

Slayer's going to keep getting better, he says, and heavier.

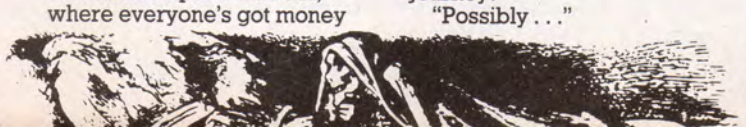
"We want to be around for a while. We've got our eyes on big things. We'd like to be rich, but we're not going to change to get that way."

And what would they do if they were rich? The King eyes blaze like the very cinders of Hell.

"I'd have a bigger house", he laughs, "and probably change my attitude to life!"

Could Slayer be as big as Journey?

"Possibly . . ."



RIGHT AND MIGHT

Bristling with 'savage determination', rockin' RON KEEL lays down the law to DEREK OLIVER

SOME PEOPLE are born stars, some are made into stars and some have stardom grafted upon them. No doubt you'll all know, or can think of, quite a few candidates for each category, but what you won't know is what it actually feels like to be the subject of a thousand prying eyes. The strange truth of the matter is that being a star ain't that easy. Filled with a multitude of drawbacks, it happens to be an occupation that even the toughest find difficult to handle. Yet despite the casualties (from Kossoff to Belushi), it's a calling that remains ever popular . . .

Now, whilst I'm never happy about the notion of there being any one answer to a given problem, especially where the problem concerns the panoramic complexities of the rock 'n' roll world, I might just be forgiven for muttering the name of Ron Keel as a primary contender for returning reality to an ethos clouded by severe double vision and a tendency for self-destruction of the most terrifying sort.

That's right, amidst the slipstream of high flying storybook heroes rockin' the world with tales of inhuman beastiality and, more often than not, foolish pleasures of the carnal kind, is a man walkin' the razor's edge with an attitude stronger than a sackful of Angry Andersons and Johnny Rottens. Thrusting a deft path between the ponced-up preening of Prince and the gaudy showtime hysteria of the cunningly keen Kevin Dubrow, our man Ron represents the only acceptable, nay *respectable*, challenger currently in circulation minus egg on face and cucumber in strides.

Possessed of a giant pair of loud lungs, a mop top of cool curls and a pout that Paul Stanley first perfected back in his dynamic 'Destroyer' days, the kid Keel is knocking 'em dead 'n' dazed *via* the electric pulling power of his latest, and infinitely greatest, platter 'The Right To Rock'. There's something about Keel – the man and the band – that I haven't experienced in an American rock act for some time . . . and I'm talking 'Toys In The Attic' period Tyler right down to the long lost Southern sizzlers the Boyzz.

Firing his message straight from the hip and between gritted teeth is a lady-killing lad embracing nuthin' particularly fancy except an illuminated sign beaming star, star, star. Ron Keel is the heir to a throne whose other potential occupants are more a less a bunch of comic book comedians. I'm not about to poke fingers or tip hats, but let's just throw Ian Gillan into the ring for starters . . .

"IT'S A f**kin' attitude, man. I'm in this business to succeed and to do that you've gotta have total belief, you've gotta take every opportunity and squeeze it dry," insists a very determined and impressionable Mr Keel. Talkin' turkey with rockin' Ronnie is like arguing with Arthur Scargill, like wrestling a water buffalo, like opening the door to a party of Jehovah's Witnesses. The kind of conversation that drives normally sedate men wild 'n' reckless . . .

"I want people to take me as an entertainer," rants Ron, "to accept me in the same way as Elvis Presley, Dave Lee Roth and Bruce Springsteen. The whole thing is down to communication and understanding; I think I have those qualities and I'm prepared to work hard for it.

"I'm getting into other areas as well, like movies – that's definitely a field I'm seriously

considering right now. Also, I've just produced a local LA band called Blitzkrieg and I'm writing a song for Alice Cooper's next LP. Can you believe that? That guy was one of my heroes!"

Steady on, Ron. Barely out of the nest and you're flapping around like a bumble bee on steriods. Normally one might find this kind of interview a little tiresome: y'know, artist full of crude confidence and journalist vying for verbal space admidst a torrent of demented delusion. But I think I've been in this game long enough to know bulls**t from belief, and Ron Keel's ain't no ordinary belief – this is pure, savage determination of a kind I've witnessed on few occasions. It's a long way to the top, or so they say, but the tooth, fang and claw warrior ethics of RK will, I'm damn sure, reduce the travelling time to a minimum.

And if it's real physical proof you want, then take a look at the vinyl evidence so far. Both Keel's albums, 'Lay Down The Law' (on *Shrapnel*) and 'The Right To Rock' (on *Solid Gold*), express infinite amounts of scream dream madness on a par with any bunch of stadia-sized pampered menials you'd care to mention. Really, Keel seem to be the only LA act of late content to whip it up and chuck it out with the recommended dosage of reckless tenacity. Ron Keel isn't a man for half measures as, indeed, his formative years indicate . . .

KEEL: (from left) Kenny Chaisson, Dwaine Miller, Ron Keel, Brian Jay and Marc Ferrari

BORN IN Georgia, his parents moved to Phoenix, Arizona, where he began playing with various local bands, eventually forming Steeler, who in turn jumped back east to Nashville. They nearly got signed by *MCA* at one stage but fell foul of reticence due to the dominance of New Wave music, and in a fit of despair the band moved lock, stock and barrel to Los Angleles in an attempt to raise both hell and a deal.

Neither materialised and the outfit quickly fell into disarray, though it was about this time that Ron started getting calls from a speedy Swedish guitar player called Yngwie Malmsteen who, according to Ron, was keen to team up with Steeler.

"Oh yeah, that guy was, like, giving me all this kinda stuff like, 'Oh, I really like your music, it's great, I wanna be in your band'. Bulls**t! He used me as a meal ticket! I paid for him to come over, he stayed at my place, I looked after him, and then after the 'Steeler' LP he quit the band – he was the first to leave!"

After Malmsteen had pledged allegiance to Graham Bonnet's Alcatrazz, Steeler struggled on in what seemed like a never-ending circle of club gigs and auditions to replace departed members. The instability of the band led to booking difficulties, management hassles and general apathy.

"At that stage it got to be, like, nobody was taking me seriously," reflects Ron. "Can you imagine that? There I was, struggling to get something happening, real determined, and, like, nobody was bothering to check it out. They didn't realise that I was looking for the right people, the positive ingredients; it looked like a joke to most people on the outside!"

A situation in which most acts would take a well-timed dive! Ron, however, rock blooded and the cornerstone of a unit which he knew would work given the chance, surrendered the name and forged plans for an even mightier group – this time under the determined handle of Keel. But there were a few complications along the way, of which the Black Sabbath 'we name the vocalist' debacle seems to be the one which still holds centrecourt in much of Mr Keel's heavyweight rapping . . .

"Look, that whole thing got turned around the wrong way," claims Ron. "I was doing some demos with Spencer Proffer (producer of Quiet Riot, Kick Axe, *etc*), and he introduced me to Tony (Iommi) and Geezer (Butler) who he was also producing. We started hanging out together, they liked my voice and we demoed some songs that Kick Axe had written for Sabbath. I was offered the job but, really, I wanna be the only person in control of my destiny. 600 dollars a week to act a bit part wasn't my idea of a future."

No sooner had Ron started hanging around with the Sabs than prying eyes began reading between the lines. *KMET*, the Los Angles radio station, was the first to bellow the natty news, followed swiftly by *MTV* – coast to coast!

"I was driving down the road (no doubt in the same car that Ron later totalled in an, er, accident with the illustrious Baron Bonutto!) then boom, it was all over the radio. It was weird!"

RON INSISTS that it was his decision not to pursue the Sabbath option. For Ron, a man happy to dance with danger, that was too safe, too easy and, besides, his Keel plans were shaping up extremely nicely, thank you very much.

Enlisting the help of Metal man extraodinaire Mike Varney, who had shifted a hefty quantity of the Steeler LP on his home-made *Shrapnel* label, Ronnie ushered his newly chosen Metal warriors into a low budget studio and cut 'Lay Down The Law' with Varney at the production helm. The band featured Bryan Jay (guitar), Marc Ferrari (guitar), Kenny Chaisson (bass) and Bobby Marks (sticks), and 'LDTL' hit the nail plum centre. Raw, lewd and strikingly savage, it clawed 'n' slashed with more thunder than Thor and more boogie than Hatchet. Guitars come on like crosscut saws whilst rabid Ron throttles the message like a wild turkey staving off impending electrocution. They say you can't argue with a sick mind, and I'm not the kind of man to argue the point with Ron.

The LP brought immediate and frenzied attention from battle hardened cynics – even A&R men! – and created 'the buzz' required. The band gigged regularly, showcased at top ligging 'n' swigging joints such as the *Country Club* and finally inked the quill with *A&M*'s super-efficient subsidiary *Solid Gold*.

A&M liked their rawness and their inherent guitar slinger attitude, and slapped a list of producers their way. Ron took one look, clocked Gene Simmons' monicker and drew the only conclusion possible – that he was the man for the job.

"There was no question about it," reckons Ron. "Simmons was, like, a god to me. When we met I just couldn't get over his youthful exuberance and keeness. Anyway, he liked the band, accepted the project and even chucked in a few of his own songs that never made it on to the 'Animalize' LP. We had plenty of our own songs but we got so wrapped up with his stuff that we thought, hell, let's do 'em!"

The band, now featuring new drummer Dwain Miller, spent just six short weeks constructing the earth-shattering power-hungry contents of 'The Right To Rock', and if you haven't charted its crazy contents yet then, really, you should be hung drawn and quartered! Battling furiously from beat to beat is an attitude that hasn't been witnessed for a long, long time in Metalsville; an attitude that "Comes from the heart". Simply, there ain't no place to run to when Ronnie's on the deck . . .

The band's future, brighter than a *Mastermind* convention, looks like heading in one direction: straight up and straight to the top. Having just completed successful live sorties in the American Midwest and with over 80,000 copies of the '. . . Law' opus now sold, a visit to Europe later in the year cannot be ruled out. I, for one, can't wait.

Accept

GIVE THE little fella some Elba room! Well-known Irish comic Fin 'It's All I Can Do To Stand Up' Costello suggested to Accept vocalist Udo Dirkschneider that he should dress up as a sack of *potatoes*; the German, however, misunderstood what was being said and ended up trying to mimic that great *dictator* Napoleon. Ah well, such is life when there is no common language!

You might wonder why Udo (without his legendary dangling truncheon) decided only to wear the coat and hat of the legendary Frenchman. Well, far be it from us to cast aspersions on Herr Dirkschneider's portly wobble, but have you seen the size of his wurst-inflated gut these days?!

This classic pic was shot just prior to Accept's recent appearance at London's Hammersmith Odeon. And just to show that the leprechaun Costello is capable of snapping away merrily in more than just an historical perspective, we also present for your delectation three photos taken during the mayhemic overdrive of the show itself. Enjoy!

MALCOLM DOME

Pix Fin Costello

CHURCH militants

DAVID WAYNE of METAL CHURCH sermonises MICK WALL

AND I always thought that Seattle, Washington was full of *old ladies*!

I mean, come on, it's hardly got the king-size rep of a bad and bug-eyed Big Apple or a legendary Detroit Rock City . . . you know, all amphetamine-rush streets and big sightless ugly buildings riding your back.

But recent history tells a different story. Look at the bands that have crawled out of Seattle these past coupla years. Queensrÿche, Q-5, TKO . . . and now, with the fiery first release of their self-titled debut album, Metal Church; a bunch of the *meanest* with their teeth sunk deep into the heart of the future.

This issue may be devoted to, uh, Black-Metal, Thrash-Metal and Speed-Death-Total-Death-And-More-Speed-Bleed-Metal, but God knows what Metal Church are devoted to. One listen to tracks like 'Beyond The Black', 'Highway Star' (the Deep Purple fave) and 'Metal Church' is enough to convince me that these boys were picking at the scabs of hoary old rock and roll years before those odious terms were so neatly and idyllically formed.

Stiff-riffing and no mistake, baptised in fire and guaranteed to leave a dirty taste in your mouth. Lead vocalist David Wayne screams like a witch at the stake part of the time, then growls and spits out the words like an injured animal for the remainder.

It all makes for a very hard time on the neighbours, and you may have to be prepared to defend yourself against attack when your friends hear exactly what it is you're up to every night on your own in your bedroom.

"I'VE BEEN singing in bands now since I was 15 and Metal Church is the first one I know I can be proud of for a very long time. When we go out on a stage, we don't rely on props to get us by, we simply attack! We are all over the stage playing like lions on amphetamines! Boy, I love it!"

The speaker is David Wayne, 27 year old vocalist with Metal Church. The trans-Atlantic phone lines are crackling again from one Earth-spot to another; he in sunny Seattle, me in slush-puppy London where we will again be executing the weatherman for his crimes later tonight.

He tells me that the current line-up has been together about three years now, although the ethereal origins of this band go back as far as their infant garageland days of '79. The usual no-shakes breaks came their way they hooked up with manager/record store owner/executive producer Willie MacKay. 'Metal Church' was recorded last Summer in Seattle.

"We would have had the album released much earlier," says David, "but, believe it or not, the Olympic Games in Los Angeles held us up for two or three months. We get our records pressed and do a lot of business like that through Los Angeles, and we just had to wait while the whole city got the Games out of its system before they got round to dealing with our problems."

Well, it's out now in this country, available on *Steam Hammer Records*. What have the band been up since its release?

"Well, we've been gigging obviously and sharpening up our sounds. We're playing California in a couple of weeks with Exodus and Slayer. I'm really looking forward to those gigs, they should be a riot," he chuckles.

"Right now, though, we're working on material for the next album. We may vary the material a bit more for this next one. We certainly don't want any of our fans to nail our tastes down to just one thing."

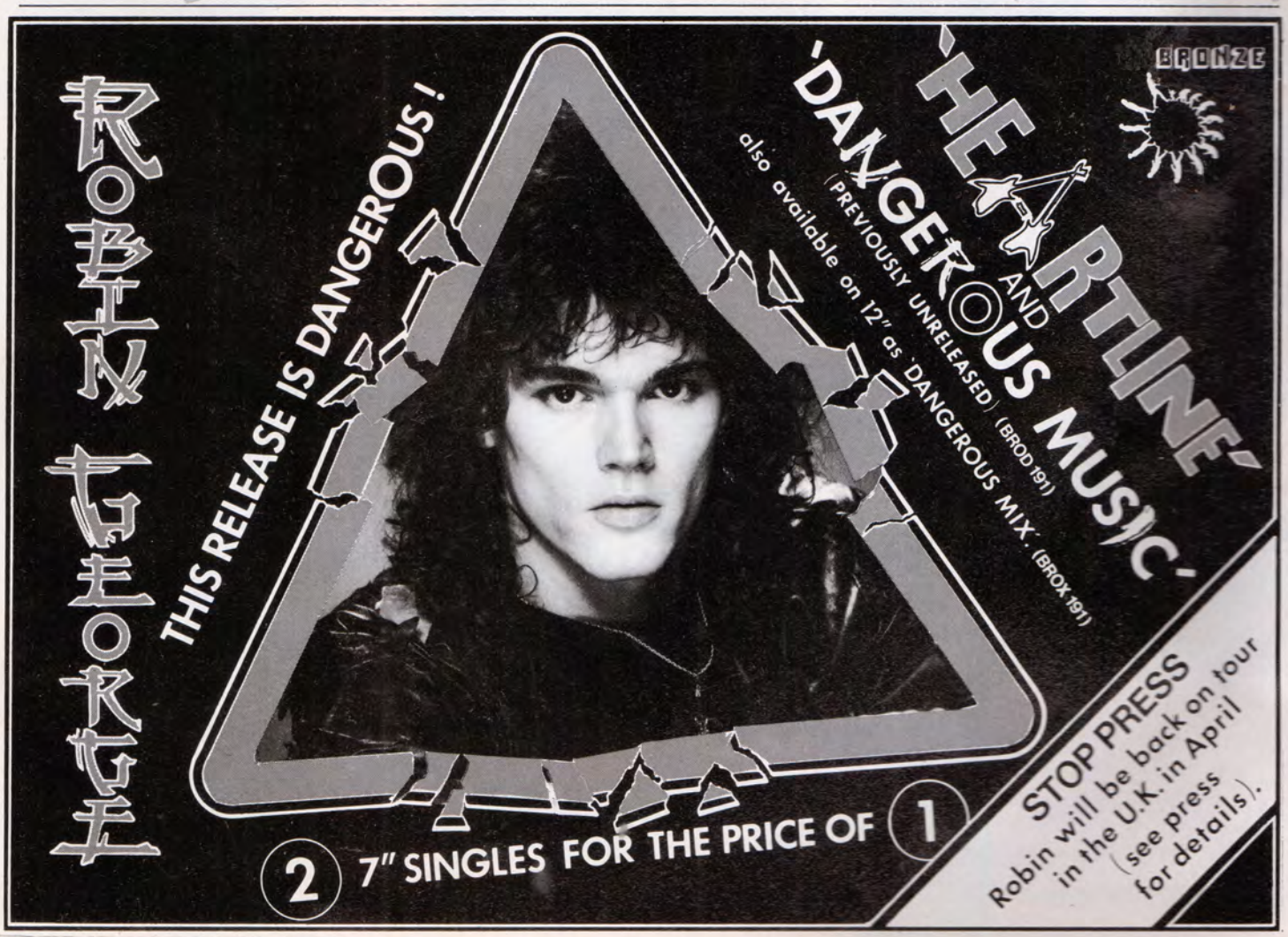
GOOD GOD! I hear myself crying out. You're not gonna go soft and girlie on us, are you . . .?

Another laugh barks out at me down the receiver:

"Aha! Well, we may just have a little mellowness creeping in there just a cat-lick bit, but we always rock out. I mean, anything's fair when it comes to music. Our personality on stage and in the studio is never contrived, we never do things just because we think that's what we're supposed to do. Our music reflects our personalities. It just so happens that, with so many crazy personalities in the band, our music gets little wild. I'd say, if you had me pinned down, that our music is somewhere between Trouble and Metallica. We're not posey . . .!"

Tell me what you like to write songs about, David?

"Ha, ha, ha! War, Violence and Sex. Mostly, I guess. 'Beyond The



METAL CHURCH: their cover version of Deep Purple's 'Highway Star' is gonzoid and then some!

Black', a cut from the album, is like a nightmare going on all the time in the back of my head about that nuclear mushroom. What's it gonna be like when they drop that one? Our songs aren't necessarily always political in their lyrical content, but that one for me was about a lot of things, inspired by political situations emanating from this country and affecting the entire world.

"America makes a lot of money out of the sale of weapons, missiles, jets and bullets to whoever will buy them. This country thrives on war for its economy. Hey, you know, where's my machine gun?"

Will there be another cover version on the next album, *à la* Purple's 'Highway Star' – a more gonzoid version you are unlikely to hear again in this life – for us to hear in the future?

"Oh sure, maybe. Right now we're thinking about recording 'No Time' by the Guess Who. Just for a pinch of some more of that Ian Gillan-type screaming I do!"

Gillan's the big influence, is he?

"Yeah. Him, Ronnie Dio and Udo Dirkschneider are the kind of guys that when they sing give me the kind of drive to let it loose, let it rock!"

WITH METAL Church now firmly best-foot first on the wibbly-wobbly road to the City Stardom, what does the thought of success mean to this band and this one-album vocalist? What would they do with it if they had it?

"I would save the world from all the s**t they have to put up with from people like Prince! We would assassinate Duran Duran, Prince and Michael Jackson and do the whole damn world a big favour!"

When can the UK expect to see Metal Church live and wired on stage?

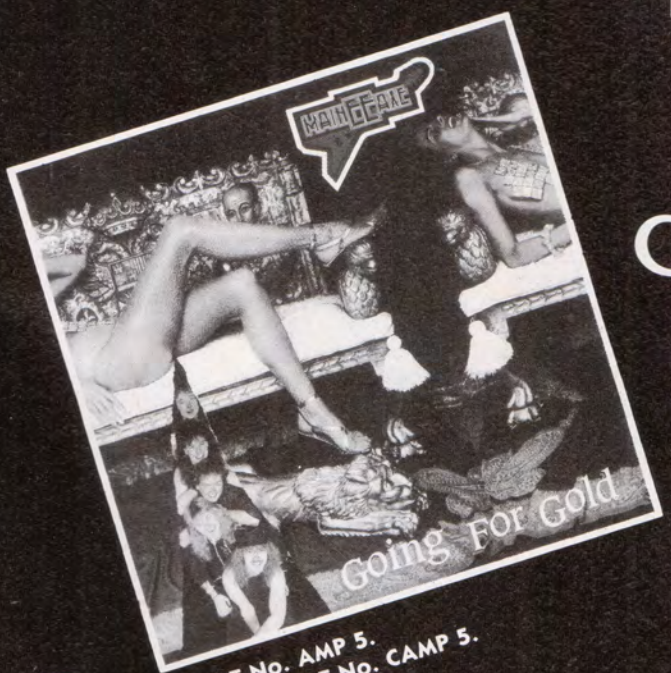
"At the moment we're trying to set up a trip to Britain for around September. The second album will be out by then and it would be a cool time to come."

Finally, how do you feel about getting categorised alongside such bands as Venom, Metallica, uh, the Nervous And Torn Nerve-Endings, or the, um, Suicide S**t-Kickers? I mean, what sort of Metal are you, David? Come clean now . . .

"We certainly ain't Satanic Bourgeois Metal, that's for sure," he roars with laughter. "Leaning on a gimmick becomes so *passe* so quickly, we don't need any of that s**t. We *mean it*!"

I ain't arguing . . .

NEW ALBUM FROM MAIN OF AXE



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WARRIORS ALL

If an army marches on its stomach, why is MALCOLM DOME eating cold rice pudding and custard? As WARRIOR guitarists JOE FLOYD and TOMMY ASAKAWA (pictured right) embark on their Fight For The Earth, this single burning question remains unanswered . . .

'Feed me, I'm hungry' – Los Angeles graffiti.

IT'S NINE O'CLOCK, tick tock. Outside on the streets of LA, the night hawks are once again stirring from their sun-kissed slumber caves. Meanwhile I'm eating mouthfuls of guilt-soaked omelette, dancing to the tune of the mushroom polka. Why is it that with every tooth bite, I have folded visions of a skeletal Bob Geldof staring with accusing tear ducts which seem to scream: "Do you realise that with just one batch of cockadoodle eggs you could feed the entire population of Addis Abbaba for anything up to one month? Or, alternatively, you could line the jellied stomachs of several million aching beanstalks. But no, you have to gorge your enzymes and distil your duodenal ulcers with saliva-infested yolk! Have you no feelings? Have you no heart? Have you no . . ."

Ahh!! Enough!!! I'm not guilty, just insane. Is it my fault that poor ol' Ray Palmer is stuck down in the coal sacks of Culver City trying to carve sculptures out of living, breathing, man-consuming light as Los Angeles band Warrior shoot a problem-fraught video?! Hey, c'mon gimme a 147 break, a man's gotta eat to survive, to sweat, to sniff, to perambulate, to . . .

Opposite me in the Olde Worlde Restaurant on Sunset Boulevard sit the delectable (and some might say 'very proper') Jan Stevens, highly efficient PR from *10 Records* (and all-round nice person) and the pert 'n' winsome Wendy Skinner, co-producer of 'Metal Shop', the weekly HM programme run by radio station *KGB-FM* in San Diego. They're bored, but then anyone who lacks the 'sophistication' to appreciate the delights of the imminent arrival of steamin' rice pudding and custard would understand their bemusement at my oral anticipation. It's rather like explaining ultra-violet light to anything other than a sensitive spectrometer. But, to the eternal shame of the restaurant, the delivery of the prize is a thorough disappointment . . .

"What's this pile of stone-cold goo?" I cry.

"It's what you ordered, sir, a bowl of rice pudding and custard," says the waitress.

WARRIOR (from left): Jimmy Volpe, Bruce Turgon, Parramore McCarty, Tommy Asakawa and Joe Floyd

"But, but, but . . . oh what's the use, how far is it to Culver City?"

With a severe turn of a distraught heel, the scene shifts. We're back on the video trail. It's now 11 o'clock and Ray is, to say the least, a little tired. He's been on the set for close on half-a-day, trying to do a difficult job under extreme conditions.

LET ME explain. For political and/or economic reasons, Warrior's management team of expatriate Aussies Coral & Michael Browning (a brother and sister combination) have decided that Palmer can *only* take photos of the band during the filming sessions. The quintet will not do a separate photo shoot for the Wimbledon wide-angle warlord, nor will they allow him to take potted snaps of the boys during any one of the many breaks in production on this, the longest day. Ray, a man of vast experience, tact and phlegm, shrugs his shoulders and resigns himself to spending a very fraught day, hopping between cameramen and nimbly sidestepping a posse of stage hands.

The lighting is appalling for a stills photographer, but he somehow copes capably with the dictated conditions. He's a pro and accepts the restrictions of his chosen craft. Some, like Ross 'The Boss' Halfin, would probably have kicked several shades of grim death out of the managers, director Jim Newkridge and anyone else unfortunate enough to get in his rotund way; others (no names, OK?) might have folded in quarters under the strain. But Ray just rolls on, gritting his teeth and accepting the photographic equivalent of being buried alive.

To be fair, Warrior have undergone a succession of problems on this video shoot-out. It was originally planned as a big-budget, conceptual event set to bring the sci-fi best out of the powerful, armada-cranked song in question, namely 'Fighting For The Earth'. But the whole plan of campaign came unstuck when the art director on the project was killed in a late Autumn car accident. Plans were immediately shelved and the timing changed from last November to mid-December.

However, attempts to lure such fabled names as former *enfant terrible* (UK division) Ken Russell into the fray failed (Russell was at least interested but had prior commitments, *ie* directing his eccentric version of the classic opera 'Madam Butterfly' in Houston). Therefore, the video ended up being pared down to an essentially live situation supervised by Newkridge, who has worked on much of Iron Maiden's recent video output. A basic stage (complete with *Formica* forest of hardboard horseshows) was mysteriously built in a tank filled with water to a decidedly Dicksonian level (scarcely enough to drown a microbe) and the entire affair was shot in one day during January.

It says much for the ultra-professionalism of everyone concerned with the project that the final result is rather stunning. The camera angles are excellent, the texture strong and the post-production special effects arresting. It's a credit to all involved, not least the band for whom this was a 'stroll in the deep end' introduction to the strange world of the 'cut/can it' video.

Videos are never easy for a band. Inevitably, they involve early morning calls (an anathema to the public conception of the rock 'n' roll lifestyle), endless coffee breaks and make-up duties. And when you do get in front of the camera, there's still the not inconsiderable problem of having to *mime* over-and-over to the same bloody track, whilst trying to maintain a rock cool under intensely burning lights. There aren't many outfits who can came through such a grilling unscathed.

MIDNIGHT, and at last the shooting is wrapped up. The ordeal is over and Warrior can extricate themselves from their armour-simulating leather stage gear. It's time to pause and reflect on the day's work (completed on a mixture of adrenalin and caffeine – alcohol was sensibly banned for all except the surreptitious Ray), allowing tiredness and aching muscles to take over. But, to my surprise, guitarists Joe Floyd and Tommy Asakawa are bouncing around like babes in the woods.

"This is all new to us," explains Floyd. "And we're enjoying every minute of it. Maybe after we've done a few more videos the novelty will wear off, but for the moment . . ."

You don't find many bands as homespun, unaffected and human as Warrior. Despite having a major label deal with *10 Records (MCA* in the US), semi-heavy management backing and a distinct buzz, they've retained a welcome air of approachability. These guys are aware of their limitations and want to learn from everyone, eagerly listening to all advice offered with respectful and thoughtful silence.

But let me backtrack a little, because this meeting between journalist and band has been a long time happening. It was in May 1984 that I was initially supposed to meet Warrior pen-to-mouth. I was in LA covering Gary Moore's US tour and, as the two acts shared the same label (*10*), it was agreed that I should also interview the five-piece. However, on the very day of this confrontation, I was informed *via* a phone call to my hotel bath from Michael Browning that, "sorry, the fellas are so engrossed in recording their album that they can't spare the

KONTINUES PAGE 30

RED HOT & HEAVY!!
Pic Ross Halfin

FROM PAGE 28

time to talk to you. Maybe next trip, OK . . .?

I was puzzled, to say the least. Surely an hour's break to meet the British chappie from *Kerrang!* wasn't going to ruin many months of carefully scheduled studio work? A chance encounter with Waysted drummer Andy Parker at the LA Forum a few days later just increased my incredulity. At the time, Parker was sharing a flat with Warrior skinsman Liam Jason (who has since departed) and he'd heard some of the mixed tapes . . .

"They're spending too long on the thing," spaketh the ex-UFO man. "I think the whole project is in danger of becoming too insular."

Months passed without a murmur on the Warrior front. Original release schedules were plotted, revised and updated as the album receded into the dim future. Overdraft frowns sprouted overnight at *10 Records'* Ladbroke Grove HQ. And then, *finally*, came the news that I'd be flying to LA to view the band in closed-set video action, pick up a copy of the completed opus ('Fighting For The Earth') and . . . interview them!

SO, FIRST a quick word about the LP. It is an impressive work, built on sturdy Metal girders and following accepted principles of muscular attraction. There's nothing new here, but the enthusiasm and proficiency are undeniable and catching. This is a strongly motivated band who know what they want and intend to take the best route to acquire the manifold rewards open to a successful HM group.

The duo of Asakawa and Floyd are happy enough with the outcome.

"There's an element of pride about what we do," says Floyd over coffee two days after the video. "We're not in the soap-manufacturing market, as are so many other bands. Our music is constantly evolving and we have a sensitivity to what is going on around us.

"In the Sixties, most rock acts had a purpose and meaning to what they were doing. Things changed in the Seventies, however, when people set out just to entertain, but now there's a good balance being struck between these polarities. There are some major names, like U2, who have a very narrow perspective on life, but we try to retain our innate sense of fun whilst putting across what we consider to be serious points.

"'Fighting For The Earth' is a prime example of what I mean. As a musical track it's very potent and can be enjoyed purely as a headbanging experience. But we try to say something significant in the lyrics: unless people stand up for this planet and take control of their destiny, then what sort of future can any of us look forward to?!"

So, just who are Warrior? The band's roots can be traced back some five years, when Floyd hotfooted it to LA from dead-end San Diego and started to look at the possibility of forming a (gulp) rock 'n' roll band.

"Our lead vocalist Parramore McCarty and myself also come from San Diego," adds Asakawa, "and we really crossed wires seriously about three-and-a-half years ago down at the *Troubadour Club*, forming the basis for a band that went under various names, including Red, before settling on Warrior."

"To be honest, I came to LA because there are no places for a rock musician to play down in SD," adds Floyd. "Going up to LA was my only way out. Initially, the band played a much wider style of music than is now the case, but we soon zeroed in on our strenghts."

Thus, with a line-up completed by the aforementioned Jason and bassist Rick Bennett, Warrior teamed up with the Brownings ("Why them? Because they impressed us," says Floyd) and rcorded a three-track demo at *Cherokee Studios* in late '83. It got an amazing local reaction, with word even spreading to the Big *K!* Sell-out shows at local venues like the aforementioned *Troubadour* and *Country Club* cemented their growing confidence and the *10 Records* deal soon followed.

IT WAS at the start of last year, however, that the band first experienced the frustrations of constant hiccoughs. For, having begun their album recording sessions with producer Doug Rider (an old acquaintance of Floyd's: "When I first came to LA, he let me crash out on his floor!"), things went awry.

"We had a lot of technical problems and equipment breakdowns," reveals a low-key Floyd. "In the end, we spent a lot longer on the album than was first planned. But we also wanted to be meticulous and the record label supported us every step of the way. They realised that it wasn't in their best interests to see our creativity stifled by the constraints of a tight schedule."

If Warrior believed that their problems were at an end when recording was concluded some six months ago, however, they were soon disillusioned. For Bennett and Jason left the outfit just after mixing sessions were finally finished, to be replaced by Bruce Turgon (a former associate of Australian rocker Billy Thorpe) and Jimmy Volpe respectively.

"We had some differences of opinion with Rick and Liam on the record," confesses Floyd. "And it became obvious that things weren't going to work out with them. There was never any personal animosity and we've nothing but the highest regard for the two of them, they're good people."

The album (mixed by experienced engineer David Thoener) enventually came out in the States a couple of months ago, and thus far seems to have made little impact. Part of the reason for this state of affairs can be put down to the fact that, although Warrior have every intention of touring, they've yet to firm up any plans. However, a more significant (and decidedly worrying) factor lies with the drift away from HM by both *MTV* and America's major radio outlets . . .

THE UPSHOT is that Warrior, despite delivering firm 'n' finely tuned Metal on all fronts, may have arrived a little *too late* to sweep America away in a hail of riffs and bold ideas/musical nobility. Therefore, it's Europe and the UK who might well be the benefactors, for the LA team seem to be considering giving a lot more attention to the scene this side of the Atlantic and are clearly signed to a label who believe in giving them every opportunity to prove their worth. The release of 'Fighting For The Earth' as a 12" holographic disc was, despite 'Krusher's graphic sneering, a spinning slice of evidence that *10 Records* intend to intelligently spend and spend again in the certain knowledge that, eventually, this band are good enough and suitably aware to make the grade.

A London date is being planned for April 28 (probably at a major theatre), and there's every chance that the 'FFTE' video will gain an airing on *Channel 4's* Heavy Metal programme, *'ECT'*, on April 26. On top of all this, the LP at last becomes available in Britain on April 8.

The question which Warrior and everyone connected with them now has to face is this: have circumstances conspired to ensure that this becomes another fine band doomed to failure for reasons outside of their control, or can they still rise above the trickle of disasters? I know it's a long shot, but personally I believe in the power of human resilience, and I've met few more resilient bands than this lot. It may take them a couple more albums, a few more years and personnel shuffles, but I reckon Warrior *will* eventually get there, wherever '*there*' is. Heck, I'd even bet a portion of cold rice pudding 'n' custard on it.

OPEN THE kennels, boys, cos Newcastle mayhem marauders Tysondog are about to leap out of the trap, snapping at all in their path.

The potent pups will be issuing a 12" EP on the *Neat* label on April 5, featuring the following tracks: 'Shoot To Kill', 'Hammerhead', 'The Changeling' and 'Back To The Bullet'. These recordings mark the vinyl debut of 18-year-old drummer Rob Walker.

On top of this, the band will be playing the following dates: Glenrothes Crystals Arena April 4, Sunderland Mayfair 19, Walthamstow Royal Standard 26, Newcastle The Riverside June 21. This last show is Goverment-sponsored and likely to be screened on TV later this year.

So, forget Norman Hunter, it's good ol' Tyson who bit yer legs! Altogether now – CHOMP!!! MALCOLM DOME

Pic Peter Cronin

KILLERWATT

***'PHILTHY' PHIL TAYLOR** licks it up amidst **ZILDJIAN'S** new 'A' range of 'Brilliant' cymbals (reviewed opposite): 'they have an alluring appeal and are tonally excellent.'*

Pic Ray Palmer

ABSOLUTELY BRILLIANT. That's the new 'A' range of Zildjian cymbals with their unique sheen appeal.

As most drummers are ego maniacs they delight in the mirrored surfaces that reflect their anguished facial contortions as well as the glow of the stage lights.

But are Zildjian's Brilliant cymbals just another gimmick with sound reason for being? When Phil Collins first tried out a Brilliant he was accosted by an angry punk drummer who asked: "Are they GOLD?" He suspected Phil of vile capitalist practices and flaunting his wealth. All that is Brilliant is not solid gold, but they certainly have an alluring appeal and they are tonally excellent. In the case of the famous Earth Ride cymbal, the introduction of a Brilliant model has improved both the image and sound of the beast. Earth Rides are those cymbals that already have a smooth burnished finish and look as if they have been buried for centuries after the collapse of some ancient civilisation.

Now the Earth Ride has been given a 'brillianting' finish, as they say in the trade, the results are dramatic. Famed ex-Motörhead drummer Philthy Phil Taylor was so carried away with the Earth Ride he literally carried one away after checking out the Brilliant range recently (see pic opposite).

The Earth Ride first appeared in the late Seventies to appeal to cavemen drummers. But as all music increased in volume and electronic power, so even the most sophisticated percussionists needed to take on extra armour, like Simon 'The Master' Phillips. The story goes he was rummaging around in Zildjian's US factory when he noticed a strange, shiny object.

The object proved to an early prototype Brilliant Earth Ride. Simon took it on tour with Stanley Clarke and Jeff Beck, where fans demanded to know the origin of the new cymbals. Since then sufficient numbers have been produced to meet the growing demand.

The Brilliant Earth has a higher pitched, cleaner 'Ping' sound which cuts through the roar of the loudest group. Among drummers playing them, apart from Simon, are Ian Mosley of Marillion, Tommy Aldridge, Mel Gaynor of Simple Minds and the brilliant Steve White of the Style Council.

The cymbal doesn't have any tone grooves, normally cut on a lathe. What it does have is a large 'bell' – that's the centre of the cymbal – to give a clear ring when struck with a well aimed stick.

In fact all 'A' Zildjian cymbals are now available in 'Brilliant', undergoing the same secret buffing process to bring up a high gloss. Here the existing tonal grooves are simply smoothed over but this, says Zildjian, enhances rather than destroys the sound.

I was able to try out some of the 'A' Brilliants recently, setting up a batch of crash, ride and hi-hat cymbals in the Kerrang! editorial office. Thus I was able to serenade Janice, Kerrang's trusty Maid Of All Work and Girl Monday-Thru'-Friday, with a selection of my most melodic and sentimental cymbal melodies. This was a far cry from the thunderous roar produced by Steve 'Krusher' Joule when he had a bash. Such was the joy to be derived from pounding them that Steve demanded that his own desk be fitted with wall-to-wall cymbals, presumably so he could crash out whenever the going got tough.

The Earth Rides come in 20 and 22 inch forms and, like all modern Zildjians, are clearly stamped with their model name and sizes. I played by best Buddy Rich rolls on the closed Top Quick Beat 14 inch hi-hat cymbals before skittering and crashing over the 18 inch Thin Crash, 20 inch China Boy with its sizzling rivets, a jazzy 20 inch Ping Ride, thunderous 18 inch Rock Crash and 21 inch Rock Ride, with a big bell.

I particularly liked the Rock Crash which 'spoke' with instant authority when struck and I'm sure could produce much more power in a real gigging situation. The China type caused a few raised eyebrows. Its unusual tone is an acquired taste, but is ideal in the unlikely event of Kerrang! drumming readers taking up Dixieland jazz or Tibetan temple music.

Like buying carpet, you can't really skimp on cymbals, and you have to go for the best. Avedist Zildjian won't quote any recommended prices for their cymbals and leave it up to individual dealers to advise.

But once armed with these babies you'll be equipped for your Brilliant career. **C.W.**

VOX 'WHITE SHADOW DELUXE' RRP £179

VOX 'WHITE SHADOW DELUXE': 'some very pleasing sounds can be wrung out of this instrument'

IT'S QUITE a few years now since Vox had anything like what might be called a 'high profile' with their guitars. So long ago that Kerrang! didn't exist, Heavy Metal meant a chunk of lead and yours truly was still wearing short trousers. In those days Vox guitars gained worldwide exposure from being slung around the necks of various Rolling Stones. That's how long ago it was. Collectors items now, John!

I can't see Keef and Ron dipping into the petty cash to purchase a dozen apiece, but Vox's 'White Shadow Deluxe' is actually a good budget guitar.

The neck in particular is very nice indeed: thin, comfortable and very well-finished as regards fretting. The body shape, whilst remaining fairly traditional, has a modern(ish) appearance which probably looks better in one of the other colours available (black, metallic red and blue) than the natural finish of my sample.

It features two twin-coil pick ups; one volume, two tone knobs and a three-position toggle switch for pick up selection. There are also two extra switches for coil-tap and phase switching.

I was actually very surprised with the sound. The arrangement of controls gives a very good range, but also enables quick changing between sounds. A lot depends, of course, on how you set up the controls, but the ability to switch swiftly from, say, a mellow chording sound to a more cutting solo affair, is there if you want it.

And there are some very pleasing sounds to be wrung out of it. The lower frequencies on the cheaper guitars often leave a lot to be desired, but I found the 'Shadow' performed fine in that department, producing a clear, un-muddied low end. The only things that chuck a (small) spanner in the works regarding the sound are the not too strong sustain and a slight imbalance in the volume levels across the strings. Both of these could probably be improved somewhat with a decent set of strings; the ones on at the moment being 'suspect'.

A good solid bridge can also improve the sustain of a guitar, and I can't help feeling that the current fashion for fitting tremelo bridge systems has meant a drawback in this area with some of the less sophisticated systems. In many cases they would be better off being ditched in favour of an 'old fashioned', 'fixed' bridge.

The one on the 'Shadow' has individual saddles adjustable for intonation and height, but could do with slots to prevent lateral string movement. The trem. system is set up so as to operate 'downwards' only, which I don't like but which seems quite common on lower priced guitars.

Compared with other guitars of a similar price this one fares very well, the sound quaity giving it the edge over many of its competitors.

(Enquiries: Rose-Morris – 01 267 5151). **P.H.**

ROGUE MALE ..... ARE COMING

ELECTRIC FUNERAL

HOWARD JOHNSON undertakes a mission to Berlin and gets a spadeful of Noise Records' non-necrophiliacs GRAVE DIGGER (pictured right)

"*If it's too loud, you're too old*" – Ted Nugent.

"*They were dirty, smelly, had long hair and were the epitome of rock 'n' roll*" – John Cougar Mellencamp, commenting on the Stones.

"*If you don't like it, f**k you!*" – Twisted Sister, 'Bad Boys Of Rock 'N' Roll'.

"*He did the mash, he did the monster mash, he did the mash, it was a graveyard smash*" – Bobby Pickett

YOUR MOTHER would *not* like it, that's for sure! Try introducing her to the delights of a tortured axe solo and you'll see pain levels registered that you believed were only reserved for the electric chair or your most bizarre sexual position!! Rock 'n' roll and motherhood rarely mix and it's normally a sound barometer with which to calibrate the potential of the music. Hey, like I was gen-u-ine-ly upset when my mother liked Toto's 'Africa', as well as her usual Carpenters and Stevie bleedin' Wonder!

Ah, but what do you make of it when an act appears that pokes the chilly finger of doubt into the minds of the *Kerrang!* staff themselves – before they've even heard a note of music?! Well congratulations to Grave Digger, for they succeeded in grossing out the most battle-hardened Metal receivers in the land!

My poor ol' Mum would've blown a terminal fuse if she'd been confronted with 'Heavy Metal Breakdown', the first Grave Digger album released on Berlin-based *Noise Records* early next year. Proudly bearing a particularly evil skull with a crucifix buried firmly in the cranium, the cover won no prizes for taste or restraint. When released from the smoke-filled packaging in the *Kerrang!* office, response to 'HMB' was duly monitored. Janice ran for the ladies' room, stalwart of grossness Ray Palmer nervously lit another *Malboro* and Geoff and Dante simultaneously reached for the *Tipp-Ex* solely reserved for sniffing!

Of course, those of us down the bottom end of the office smiled knowingly. Doc Doom, Michael Wall of this parish and myself tossed contemptuous looks at said artefact and never gave another thought to the poor, sick children!

"*He's a witch hunter witch hunter, burble, burble, burble . . .*" Oh, sorry about that! Never gave 'em another thought, eh? Not so fast, smarty pants, not so bloody fast. Here's me, sitting in a hotel in bloody freezing Berlin, Grave Digger on my mind and everything, but *everything* has altered in this here kaleidoscope perspective. Everything, that is, except for the trusty Palmer and the even more reliable *Marlboro* . . .

"This is a f**kin' joke, it's got to be!"'

Unfortunately, it doesn't seem so, for here we are, balaclavas, mittens (c'mon, Mums do have some uses!) and icicles hanging from our male protuberances, plotting the Grave Digger graph marked 'World Domination' from a freezin' room in a flamin' OLD PEOPLE'S HOME, apparently an annexe of the hotel into which we've been booked! To a Palmer who's more versed in 747 sophistication and limo luxury, this is all a tad too much to take! If it hadn't been for that blasted record, we muse . . .

YEAH, THERE I was, all smug and self-satisfied, having dismissed the aforementioned childish flatulence without even considering it. But by Chicken and Tikka, like a bad dose of Indian from my favourite Moseley take-away, the Metal I'd heard just kept coming back for more. 'Headbanging Man', 'Heavy Metal Breakdown', 'Back From The War', there it was! Now I *tried* to divert my aural attention, I tried to look away, but Grave Digger just kept on excavating my brain until it simply caved in. Call it fourth form poetry, call it satanic claptrap, call it music for morons and I'd probably agree with you. Tell me I don't like it, however, and I'll bite yer face off!!

And so it came to pass that, with the imminent release of 'Witch Hunter', the second Grave Digger opus, Berlin played backdrop to a monumental meeting of sick minds.

Now Berlin struck me as an odd place to rendezvous with these particular Teutons (*aka* vocalist Chris Boldenthal, guitarist Peter Masson, bassist C.F. Brank and drummer Albert Eckardt. Albert? In Grave Digger? Yeah, well, you can't pick your *own* name, I guess!). As a city it's not at all geared towards HM, finding musical solace and refuge from the depressing, looming apparition of The Wall in such bizarre noise – I'm not sure we can use the word music – as *Einsturzende Neubauten* (Collapsing New Buildings), but *Noise Records* is based here, so here it must be . . .

Grave Digger themselves have had to endure a six or seven hour drive from their home town of Gladbeck, deep in the heart of the heavily industrial Ruhr area, for the privilege of a *Kerrang!* interview and feel obviously ill at ease in this particular city. Matters get a little out of hand when the promised studio facilities for the photo session prove unavailable, resulting in a bizarre parade around the streets of Berlin with the band in full stage regalia and the temperature making a mockery of Palmer's proud boast regarding his ten inch thingummy!

If only GD could summon up their old mate Nick to send a few balls of fire from down under to warm the bloody place up! But that, I discover, to be a little presumptuous and off the mark in terms of where Grave Digger are coming from. Sorry to disappoint those of you out there who favour necrophilia (and I don't just mean Purple fans!), but you may as well turn off right now!

"Yeah, everyone's talking about the name as though it's the major factor in the band and they're really missing the point," laughs vocalist Chris, looking decidedly like a man who's not really into turfing up the holy sod.

"You have to understand that Peter and I put the band together back in 1980 when he was 16 and I was 18. Y'know, we were just a coupla naive young kids looking for an English name, something that sounded like a Heavy Metal name. We though of Overkill and even f**kin' Gaschamber (particularly pleasant for a German band!), but in the end we simply took a dictionary and went through it looking for a suitable word. We just happened to like Grave Digger. Still do, in fact!"

OK, SO the boys like the name, but I wouldn't have thought they'd be too knocked out by the Black Metal tag that seems to be heading inexorably their way. It seems that the whole Grave Digger concept revolves around a cerebral severing into two distinct halves. On the one hand, we have the Grave Digger theme, monks' habits on the back of the first album *et al.* And on the other, there's the band's music, which is undoubtedly ridiculously fast, heavy and demented! But Black? Not to my ears, buster; there's none of that dirgy Heavy Metal dishwater but rather a power-primed primeval thunder that (glib, but true) sounds remarkably similar to Accept with a severe case of the runs. Y'know, it just flows out faster and faster!

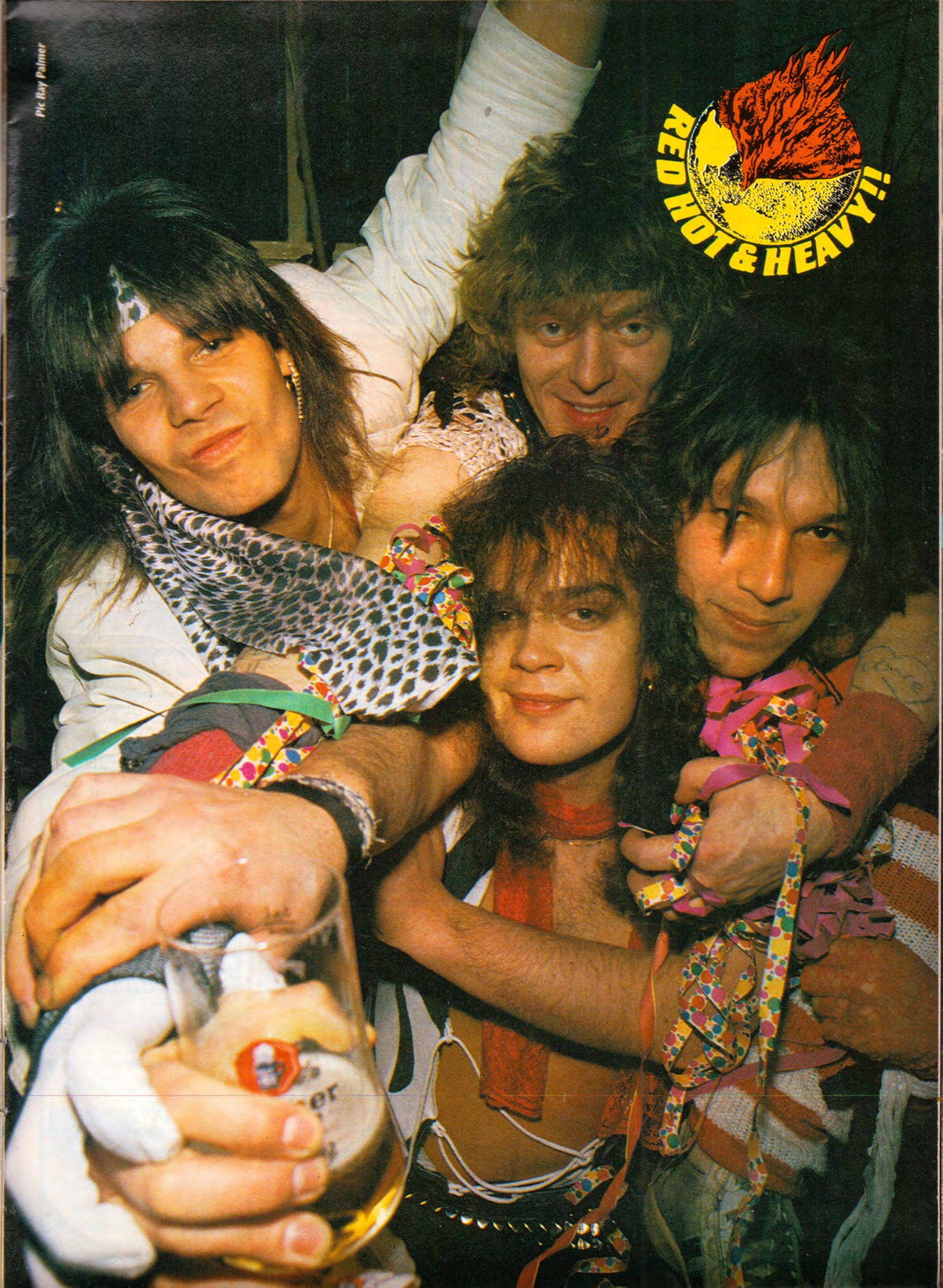
"It was the fans and critics who dubbed us 'Black Metal' from the start, and because we wanted to establish some sort of reputation for ourselves we kinda rode along with it," says Peter. "It was natural that the people at *Noise* would pick up on that angle because of the name, so we had some of our early pictures taken in graveyards and wearing monks' habits!"

"We soon saw that that kind of marketing was wrong, however," adds Chris, "because that isn't the way we feel. I think that Black Metal will die, but Heavy Metal will stay and when people come to our shows they'll see that we're actually offering something different.

"When the first album came out it was too late to make any statements regarding our feelings towards Black Metal, but hey, we aren't into occultism and we don't worship the devil, know what I mean?! What we're trying to do is blend the power of fast Heavy Metal with the good vibes and stage style of Van Halen! People will see what we mean when we play!"

Or possibly by giving the band's second LP 'Witch Hunter' the aural once-over. It's sure to be on the streets in Europe by the time you peruse this piece, and will hopefully clinch a UK release soonest. It's patently obvious that these extractors from the tomb are pushing their act into big league realms, from a more glossy, polished sheen to the album artwork ("A whole lot of kids have to buy an album on the strength of the cover alone these days, so it has to be right!") to a fuller sounding production. And yet, as I've said, the whole Grave Digger

KONTINUES PAGE 37



Pic Ray Palmer

KLASSIFIEDS

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FROM PAGE 34

ELECTRIC FUNERAL

scenario is one that twists and turns like the proverbial python to my glazzies.

I hated the crass imagery and childish marketing ploys that surrounded the first album (honesty and integrity? Maybe they don't translate too well into German!), but Grave Digger's music was the real sparkle in the rain, oozing basic lip-biting brutality and an inherent sense of the dynamics of mayhem. Now that the boys have come out of the closet, however, admitting to having little truck with the implications of their name, I'm not as convinced about the musical ball-game as I was before!

'WITCH HUNTER' is a goodish album and it says something that a record from the 'Total Head Removal' rank and file is actually listenable for me, but I have to avow that, measured by my yardstick, it's not up there with 'Heavy Metal Breakdown'! More refined, more classy for sure, but somehow not nailing me to the floor like it should!

Don't get me wrong, there *are* some *bona fide* exhilarating electric buzzes here (if we forget about an abortive version of Alice Cooper's klassik 'School's Out'), but in my view 'Witch Hunter' just ain't quite as good as its predecessor. Now you wouldn't expect Grave Digger to agree, would you? Well, bend an ear to their side of the story and decide for yourself!

"Oh, we think it's a vast improvement on 'Heavy Metal Breakdown'. We spent a lot more time in the studio improving both recording and playing techniques. We also spent a lot more time getting our material together!"

Chris is particularly adamant regarding the progress made . . .

"I think things are happening a lot more vocally, too. I worked with a guy named Roy Deane-Brown who translates lyrics for Nena amongst other people and he really helped me with my pronunciation. We sold about 40,000 Copies of 'Heavy Metal Breakdown' when people told us that the most we could hope to shift was three or four thousand, and I have even more faith in 'Witch Hunter'. We're the only band working in Germany right now that plays this music and there really has been no negative reaction to the album so far! We're growing all the time and we're gonna carry on improving. The third album will be better still!"

It's all a matter of opinion, I guess, we'll just have to wait and see who'll be proved right in the long run. Certainly, the band's image is well together, and with the addition of pretty boy bassist C.F. Brank (he replaced Rene T. Bone after the album's completion), the States may well be open to Grave Digger's look. What with *Megaforce* mogul Johnny Z backing the band to the hilt at wife Marsha's instigation, and with the album due for Stateside release in May, there's the possibility of yours truly eating humble pie once again. An' anyway, sod it, this is *their* interview after all, right?! So why do you collective Grave Diggers believe in what you're doing?

"Er . . . er . . . cos we're really good, that's why!"

Sweet as a nut, John. But I can't let you go, Chris, until you've answered the most important question scribbled on this here tatty piece of paper! What, pray tell, does the Pope make of all this?

"Er . . . well . . . to tell the truth, we don't think he's too familiar with our material. We don't think we get too much airplay in the Vatican at the minute. Oh . . . but we're gonna send the Pope a copy of the album, anyway!"

Aw, shucks, such nice, considerate boys after all, eh?!!

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GIRLFRIENDS A-GO-GO!

Dynamic **Dave Lee Roth** has been boastin' to all and sundry that *Kerrang!* readership fave **Prince**'s girlfriend **Apollonia Kotero** wuz an old . . . er . . . acquaintance of his. "That usedta be my chick back in Los Angeles," quoth the ever-gallant Mr Roth.

We on the *VFTB* stool, however, hear that these days Ms Kotero has taken to calling herself by the unpretentious monicker of '**Apollonia Of The Movie**' ('The Movie' being '*Purple Rain*', of course) and, after a brief dalliance with **Julian Lennon**, can now be seen steppin' out with **Robbin Crosbby** (sic) of **Ratt**.

Meantime, we hear that **Vanity**, another ex-girlfriend of Prince, once appeared in a soft porn movie called '*Tanya's Island*' where she seduced a gorilla . . . which brings us neatly back round to Dave Lee Roth!

Yeah! Seems that, following Prince's awards appearance with that hunky, chunky bodyguard, the **VH** vocalist has struck back by hiring two midget minders.

"They may be small, but they can get people where it hurts," is the explanation. So *that's* why we haven't seen **Dickson** these past coupla weeks . . .

STICKS AND STONES!

According to a recent paragraph in London evening newspaper *The Standard*, **Cozy Powell**'s first rehearsal session with new-found pals **Keith Emerson** and **Greg Lake** went off at half cock (in-joke for **Whitesnake** fans only). Yeah, seems that the Coze forgot to bring any drumsticks along with him! (We at *VFTB* wonder how long it took Keith 'n' Greg to notice!) Total tragedy was averted, however, when Mr Lake admitted that *he'd* forgotten to bring along his Persian Carpet (in-joke for ageing **ELP** fans only) so rehearsals couldn't possibly have taken place anyway!

And by the way – is there any truth to the rumour that *Kerrang!* skribe **Derek Oliver** was at one time shortlisted to hitch up with Emerson 'n' Lake, but that he wasn't given the job cos the band's initials would've ended up as '**ELO**'? We doubt it . . .

BURCHILL PLEASE NOTE!

In a recent issue of London listings magazine *Time Out*, **Julie Burchill** warned: 'Beware the incoming BeefBeat!' Yeah . . . whatever you may think 'bout the ex-*NME* writer, there's no denying that Burchill has *always* got her finely manicured finger on the 'pop pulse'. In the particular *TO* column that we're talkin' about, she correctly pinpointed the swing music 1985-style is takin' back to *heaviness*. Great stuff, Julie – you may not actually *like* this revoltin' development, but at least you acknowledge that it's *happening*, unlike the majority of head-in-the-sand music press ostriches. Just one thing though, Julie – next time you type out the name '*Kerrang!*' in *Time Out*, knock off those two extra 'G's, OK?!

THE* KERRANG!** ***female reader: a typical example

MARIONETTE MAYHEM!

Magnificent **Marionette** frontman **Ray Zell** (also the guiding artistic hand behind the comic strip **P****** **P*******) contacted the *VFTB* stool t'other day with the astonishin' noos that, following his band's appearance on *Heavy Metal Records'* Glam/Trash compilation 'Rock Pretty', said label has now offered the preenin', poutin' puppets a fabulous *full album deal!*

"Yup!" sez Zell. "The LP's gonna be called 'Blonde Secrets And Dark Bombshells'. The record itself is gonna have a 'blonde' and a 'dark' side . . . it's like a major conceptual work, y'know!"

To this end, rockin' Ray requires photo booth-type pix of gals of both blonde- and dark-haired persuasions; a sensational selection of shots which he aims to scatter all over the LP's inner sleeve. "Can you ask *Kerrang's* female readers to send in photos of 'emselves?" pleads Ray. "We wanna use *their* mugs on the album! Only they've gotta be dead blonde or really dark, that's the thing."

OK, Ray! All you budding **Marilyn/Caroline Munroe** types, send your shots in to *Kerrang!* and we'll pass 'em on to the Marionette man for inclusion with the LP. Send your snaps to: Marionette Mug Shot, *Kerrang!*, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

BELL BOTTOM BLUES!

A recent edition of posers' mag *The Face* reported that flared trousers are back in vogue in Liverpool. Apparently 'trendy teenagers' can't get enuff of the 18-inch bottom strides made by the likes of **Lee** and **Wrangler**. We at *VFTB* say: "So bloody WHAT?" Go over to Acton, talk to any one of the thousands of **Paul Suter** fashion followers parading the high street and *he'll* tell you: "Flares? They never went away! And 18 inch bottoms?! PAH! We're talking *drainpipes* there, pal . . ."

BLAKE BOO-BOO!

Congratulations to Britain's number one pop journalist **John Blake** who, in a recent column for the *Sunday Mirror*, included a pic of ex-**Lizzy** man **Phil Lynott** posin' with **John Sykes**. Lynott looked perfectly *awful* (heavy-lidded and not-all-there) . . . but the bold 'n' brash 'n' immensely astute Blake ommitted to mention this fact in his photo caption, preferring instead to refer to Sykesy as '**Whitesnake**'s golden-haired leader **David Coverdale**'! Close, John-boy, close . . . but no cigar!

BENATAR BABY!

Pat Benatar gave birth to a baby girl name of **Hayley** in New York on Saturday, February 23 . . . literally minutes after she'd been speaking on the phone to our own **Dave Dickson**! (See Benatar feature issue 89). Now in the past we've heard various *artistes* venture to describe the interviews 'Dinky' Dave has conducted with 'em as 'stimulating' – but *this* is ridiculous!

ROOTING OUT THE TRUTH!

And talkin' 'bout that comic strip heroine **P****** **P******* (see previous page), what's all this we hear 'bout she of the bulgin' 'Bitch Bitch' bazoomas releasing *a single* some time soon?

HUH? WUZZAT?! Whaddya mean ya thought that the so-called fictionalised cartoon female didn't *exist* outside of *Kerrang's* hallowed pages? Oh ye of little faith . . .

SOCK IT TO ME!

We on the *VFTB* stool heard somethin' rather hysterical t'other day – and to make sure the rumour wuzn't false we made discreet enquiries to a couple *very* close sources. And, much to our surprise, we discovered that it *wuz* true! Yeah, it seems that **Ratt**'s personal stage costume seamstress adds an extra pocket in the crotch of vocalist **Stephen Pearcy**'s trousers so's he stuff the occasional sock in there so he can look big, butch and, above all, *bulging*! Girls, take a look! It is, as we say, bloody hysterical!

STONED AGAIN!

Somewhat prematurely, a kopy of the '*Rolling Stone Review 1985*' tome arrived on the *VFTB* table t'other day. Now, normally we wouldn't dream of giving that boring ol' mag (not to mention a boring ol' book offshoot!) a plug, but we feel it necessary to forget our prejudices this time around in order to bring you this here quote from **Kiss**' **Gene Simmons**, who wuz asked by *RS* to name his highlight of the last 12 months . . .

"'Twas meeting a 28-year-old girl in England who more or less seduced me," quoth Mr Simmons. "While doin' it she said to me: 'You've given me 11 years of pleasure, now I'd like to give some of it back to you'. And she did." What a truly touching, truly *wonderful* gesture. And what a pity that the much-reviled *VFTB* column never gave no pleasure to no-one (not even **Heavy Metal Heather** . . .)

COVENT GARDEN FAREWELL!

Woeful, weepsome, worried-eye tears flowed like agonised, ice-breaking rivulets (© **Malcolm Doom**) on the evening of Thursday, March 21 when a selection of krybaby *Kerrang*sters asembled in the Covent Garden Mexican eaterie of *Pacificos* to bid a fond adieu to our legendary Long Acre offices.

Yeah, 'twas mere days before our mournful move to Mornington Crescent and the mood wuz mayhemic but melancholic. Grouped together, solemnly supping *Margueritas* and *Dos Equis*, were '**Beefy Boss**' **Barton**, a leather mini-skirted **Janice Issitt**, the Peardrop Man Malcolm Doom, **Xavier 'Second Helping' Russell**, **Steve 'Krusher' Joule** and gorgeous pouting *D*b****s* companion, **Motörhead**'s **Würzel** (?!), **Ray Palmer** and **Dante 'Bishop' Bonutto**.

As ligs go this was, perhaps inevitably, a low key affair, with the only low spot/high spot being provided by a tired and emotional 'Krusher' who, after emulating a **Terraplane** album title, was forced to retire early, leaving his food for the rapacious Mr Russell to consume.

All in all, then, a sad piece of mayhem – in particular for Deaf Barton, who could hardly control his distressful emotions. It wuzn't that he wuz too upset at leaving the ol' offices, y'unnerstand, just that the hard-drinkin', heavy eatin' *Kerrang*! krew had left him with a four-figure *Pacificos* bill and not a hope in hell of 'sneaking it through' on expenses . . .

WHEN TOP-NOTCH US PR man **Michael Jensen** was recently dubbed "one of the finest men to ever draw breath" by *Kerrang*'s very own space kadet **Mick Wall**, so moved was he by this statement that he decided to throw a mega lig in his fashionable abode in sleazy Pasadena (home of **Armored Saint**), a suburb of Los Angeles.

Representing *Kerrang*! were **Ross** "I'm nearly a married man" **Halfin** and **Xavier** "I swear I'll never sup Saki again" **Russell**, who as usual drank everyone under the king'n'able (table).

Representing *Texas Records And Tapes* was the legendary **Jeff Hammer**, who was knocking back the *Michelob* like he owned the brewery. Elsewhere there was **Rod Smallwallet** and his merry men **Iron Maiden**, who are still trekking round the grand ol' US of A. And caught seriously ligging were those **Ratt** rodents **Robbin Crosbby** (sic again!) and **Stephen Pearcy**, who were seen liggin' it up wiv one time **Kiss** axe hero **Vinnie Vincent** (pictured above centre with wife **Anna Marie** and **Vinnie Appice**).

Scorpions skin basher **Herman Rarebell**, meanwhile, was monitored recovering from the shock that fellow Kraut rockers **Accept** have now nicked the Scorps' crown. That left the remainder of **Dio**'s band, all of whom never say no to a sherbert, some of **Warrior** and, oh, we nearly forgot, no lig would be complete without a swift half wiv **Eric Martin's** manager **Sandy Einstein**.

So arise Sir Michael Jensen – "One of the finest men to ever hold a LIG!"

MAY THE FORGE BE WITH YOU

DEREK OLIVER finds out whatever happened to ANVIL

'ONE BITE of the cherry, one chance for ecstacy.' Sergeant Fury's bangin' the inside of my skull with a white hot ice pick, urging me to squeal those squalid words of wisdom in response to the friendly, almost humble tones of Lips – frontman, guitarist/vocalist, vibro-dildo exponent extraordinaire and leery ring leader of Canadian Metal Gods Anvil.

What, you may ask, ever happened to Anvil? It's a question that's often bandied about the *Kerrang!* office, but it's taken until this here 'Red Hot And Heavy' issue for us to get off our butts and contact leader Lips on the snap, crackle 'n' pop phone link to Tornto.

Briefly, then, as described by the amiable Anvil frontman, a potted history of those missing months . . .

After working their balls off to a frenzied peak with the worldwide release of their third LP 'Forged in Fire', a highly promising liaison with Leber/Krebs management, a European tour supporting Motörhead and finally (perhaps the biggest biscuit of them all) their first chance to reach American Metal fans *en masse* with a prestigious support slot on Aerosmith's reunion trek, there was silence. Nothing! Absolutely sweet FA . . . Until now.

Attic Records are shortly to release a new (!) compilation LP titled 'Back Waxed', featuring a variety of released/unreleased material covering all points of Anvil's chequered career.

Lips, however, isn't happy with *Attic's* 'Back Waxed' manoeuvres and suggests that this is merely the nadir of a series of problems that originated shortly after the release of 'Forged In Fire'.

"WE REACHED a mid-point in our career," he explains, "where we weren't able to handle the leap from being a small-time support act to becoming headliners. I know it sounds like a hard luck story, but being signed to an independent label *(Attic)* definitely held us back. Leber/Krebs took a long time to get us out of the deal and consequently our relationship started to deteriorate – it was a real strain on both us and our management. To tell you the truth, once Leber/Krebs got us out of the *Attic* deal they never had much time for us; really, I think they wanted to forget us."

Whatever the case, the Leber/Krebs association was eventually severed, leaving the band to limp back home to sort out new management, a new deal and, if I understand Lips correctly, a new, more advanced direction.

"We had a problem with our style as well," confesses Lips. "Basically, we had taken the concept of sex and Motörhead-style Speed Metal just about as far as possible. It was a unique concept, but it's over. I mean, where do you go after writing songs like 'Butter Bust Jerky', 'Motormount' and 'Back Waxed'? And besides, everyone's playing this really fast kind of Metal these days . . . it's kinda redundant. We've slowed down, paced ourselves a little more.

"The songs we're writing at the moment – which will go on our next LP proper (provisionally titled 'Strength Of Steel') – are slower and heavier, the sort of thing we were trying to achieve in some respects on the 'Metal On Metal' album. Our music is still very heavy, but that total OTT attitude with the sex and stuff has been left behind."

And, as if to confirm Anvil's unified commitment, Lips tells me that the band (still the original line-up: drummer Robb Reiner, rhythm guitarist Dave Allison and bassist Ian Dickson) have written and demoed over 40 new songs with producer Ric Browde (the man behind the soon to be released Victory LP). Their aim is to forge ahead and secure a new label. And it won't be another independent either; Lips is adamant that Anvil belong on a major label or not at all!

BUT LET'S get back to the forthcoming 'Back Waxed' release.

"You know, I hope that it doesn't foul things up for us," relates Lips. "We've spent so much time on the new material that anything out now, especially the stuff *Attic* have managed to dig up, might have the wrong effect. In a way I'm pleased that there's a new Anvil LP, but when I heard about the contents . . . I thought, God, not now!

"There was one song – I don't know if it's actually made the LP – called 'Stepping Stone', the old Monkees number, which *Attic* got their hands on with half the lyrics missing! And the title track, 'Back Waxed', was like the eleventh song from the 'Forged In Fire' sessions which never actually got put on vinyl because it was too filthy. It makes 'Butter Bust Jerky' sound like a nursery rhyme . . . really, I don't want this stuff out right now!"

And who could blame him? 'Back Waxed' may have some curiosity value, but if Lips' worst fears are founded, that's gonna be about all.

Lips, however, finishes on an optimistic note:

"We're playing some showcase dates in New York shortly (with Anthrax) and hopefully something will come from that. We're also playing some Canadian shows with Raven which'll get us back on the road again.

"Anvil is still very active and we want to show people that . . . the best is yet to come!"

LIPS: "Our music is still very heavy, but that total OTT attitude with the sex and stuff has been left behind"

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FREHLEY'S COMET
L'Amours, Brooklyn

FREHLEY'S COMET, the powerhouse quintet fronted by Kiss' original lead guitarist Ace Frehley, recently played two shows at *L'Amours* club in Brooklyn, New York – and the place went wild! I attended the first of these shows (Friday, March 8) and have never seen the club so packed with enthusiastic music fans. Scheduled to begin at 1.30 am, the concert finally got underway nearer to 2.00 am and lasted about an hour and a half, no-one leaving before the final chord had been struck.

Frehley looked great onstage, his first public appearance without his famous Kiss make-up, but tight security prevented any of the attendees from smuggling in cameras to sneak pictures – the 'unveiling' is being held for Ace's forthcoming album, probably out of this Summer. Word has it that the group is very, very close to signing a record deal, so look out for more info soon.

Despite the muffled sound at the club, the band made quite an impressive debut, moving about the stage as well as the small space allowed. They opened with 'Rip It Out', the first number on Ace's solo LP, and followed it up with a new tune called 'Audio Video'. Anton Fig, the South African drummer who has been a fixture on the music scene for some time as part of Spider (the South African/American band formerly managed by Bill Aucoin, *not* the British group of the same name), as well as playing with Mick Jagger, Link Wray, Cyndi Lauper and a list of other luminaries, holds down the beat for Frehley's Comet, an excellent musician who gets the chance to show off his fine craft in this unit.

Frehley himself seemed very relaxed on stage and quite animated, jumping around and talking to the audience between songs. After performing 'Give It To Me Anyway', he launched into a ballad-y tune, 'Dolls', which he dedicated to "all you dolls out there. I see a lot of pretty girls in the audience". He shared lead vocals and guitar with Richie Scarlet, the latter's first big break, and commented after the song 'Breakout': "Don't forget your f**kin' *Clearasil*, man!", followed by his legendary cackle which is unmistakeable, Kiss make-up mask or not.

Telling the crowd that "I haven't been on a stage in four years" and that it felt great to be back, Ace prefaced 'Cold Gin' by saying it was a tune he "wrote on the subway when I was a kid. It's about a drink." The place went wild, chanting the name of the song originally recorded by Kiss on their first album and singing along at the tops of their voices.

'Stranger In A Strange Land' had Ace performing a solo on his famous smoking guitar, after which he went into 'Back On The Streets' (a Vinnie Vincent number from his Warrior days!) and 'New York Groove', the Russ Ballard song which has to one of the all-time Kiss anthems, especially in this neck of the woods. Other songs played included 'Animal' and 'We Got Your Rock'.

Saying "this is the first song on the first side of the first album Kiss ever recorded" Ace introduced 'Deuce' as the encore song, the crowd again going berserk and knowing every lyric. It would be safe to say that there were a good number of Kiss fans in the audience; indeed, one young man even came dressed as a perfect head-to-foot imitation of Gene Simmons, complete with make-up, black hair in a top-knot ponytail and monster-faced boots!

While a first encore was almost expected, the whistles and cheers were so intense that not playing a second might have caused a riot, but then Ace seemed only too happy to comply with the fans' desire for more. He performed a very impressive blues song called 'Remember Me', which he introduced by saying "in all my years, I've never gotten to play the blues".

In the crowd were Richie Ranno, formerly of another Aucoin-managed band, Starz, now producing an album for Sweet Pain, one of the two opening acts that night. And what New York area HM show would be complete without Manowar's Ross The Boss, who was a very happy person that night and easily recognised by the crowd.

Inbetween signing endless autographs, Ross gave me his impressions of the set . . . "It's formula music but Ace'll do really well because it's what America wants to hear. The tide that brought Heavy Metal in is taking it out again. Heavy Metal is going back underground ". But he assured me that Manowar would not disappear or change their style, unlike the fashion Heavy Metal bands who had ridden the wave of HM chic . . .

To my mind, Ace and his Comets put on a great performance – one which I would like to see again on a larger stage where he and his band (completed by Arthur Stead on keyboards and John Regan on bass) would have the room to really move around and present a full show. His music is less Heavy Metal than hard rock, and seemed commercial enough to get that much-needed radio airplay without selling out to commercialism. I am certain that this is one former member of Kiss we are going to be hearing – and seeing – a lot more of in the near future . . .

IDA S. LANGSAM

TINA TURNER
Conference Centre, Brighton

SO COME ON, it's the year of the scavenger, the season of the bitch, let's sashay on the broadwalk and scurry to the ditch, lean back, take a grip on something, anyone, and watch this woman come gliding, feinting through the curtain and take that microphone like it was a long lost lover and, ooh, someone wind my tongue back in, pass me the cold compress and wipe my fevered brow, but what more can a poor boy do?

Tina comes clad in the tightest, choicest leather and satin, twisting, twirling, a dance on fire. "Gotta Show Some Respect," she snarls, and the hands clutch and claw but never touch, just out of reach, just tantalisingly out of reach of these burning fingers . . .

Now the good times are rolling at full tilt and Tina and her six-piece band, currently devoid of her traditional backing singers, are blasting through 'I Might Have Been Queen' – the lubricant comes oozing through, and it's slick, so slick, not a note dropped, not a beat missed. Guitarists James Ralston and Jamie West-Oram (on loan from The Fixx) swop lead breaks that spar, slug and sidestep like heavyweight contenders, and then over stage left there's some ludicrous keyboardist and occasional saxophone player who looks like a mutant version of Ted Nugent and has about as much subtlety.

And then we're cruising into overdrive and plundering the back-catalogue with 'River Deep . . .' and the electrifying 'Nutbush City Limits' with Tina taking no prisoners!

But this is just a brief foray into the past and with no time to rescue the stragglers we're off into 'What's Love Got To Do With It' – and who needs a heart anyway as Tina perches on the edge of the stage to ask the question? Then suddenly it's all lights and keyboards as Tina moans 'I Can't Stand The Rain' before West-Oram unleashes a sizzling guitar run. Into 'Better Be Good To Me' as Tina leads her piano player, the ebullient Kenny Moore, around the stage and up the walkway at the back of the set, swopping lines, swivelling hips and finally quitting the stage altogether leaving the vocal honours solely to Moore who keeps the party swinging while the host slips into something more comfortable.

I once had to explain to my brother the attraction of older women: to see this 45-year-old mother of two emerge from behind the curtain almost wearing the skimpiest, sheerest red and black-trimmed mini dress you ever saw, you'd never need another explanation! And here's part of the Tina Turner magic; that raw and unharnessed sexual chemistry. It's neither jailbait nor something smutty and juvenile. Here we're talking something far beyond all that, something rare and dangerous and exciting – a woman who combines sexuality with style, who feeds the fantasy but remains removed from it. Yeah, Tina, loving you is such a fascination.

And you wanna know the rest of it? What is it, aside from the glorious curve and ribbon of her body, that makes Tina Turner? I'll tell you: she sings like a man but is, beyond any question, a woman. She has the best of both worlds.

She trails a yellow sheet that she swirls and twists around her body as her band play out the intro to 'Private Dancer' and Tina retraces her steps around the walkway. Amidst gasps and whistles of sheer disbelief, she purrs out this story of some seedy existence eventually giving way to the mutant's sax break. And on to 'Let's Stay Together', her comeback song, dispelling the grey tinge evoked by the marvellous 'Private Dancer'.

Next Tina delves deep within her soul and unearths the moving sentimentality of her gospel version of the Beatles' 'Help'. The audience for once falls silent as Tina wrenches every morsel of emotion from the words, and oh, how we were moved by her.

"I've been singing this song a long time," cries Tina, "and you know, each time I sing it, it keeps getting better!" We're thrown to the wall and beaten into submission by Creedence Clearwater Revival's 'Proud Mary'!

And no, we never liked it nice 'n' easy either, Tina, we like it just as rough as you care to give it out and I'd like to have seen John Fogerty do it better!

But no, no, that can't be all! The hour has raced away, I'm breathless but my heart's still pounding and my fingers are burning for another touch of magic.

And then Tina comes back, swinging those endless legs back around her mike-stand (ever wanted to be a mike-stand?) and belting out 'Steel Claw', as heavy as heavy can be before rolling out Bryan Adams for 'It's Only Love', and I'm cheering like crazy while Bryan and Tina thrash this bitch of a song into shape.

And then Bryan's off and Tina's explaining she couldn't wait for The Boss to write her a song so she just lifted 'Dancing In The Dark' in the menatime. She's got the lyrics scrawled on a bit of paper and she's crouching, like a cat about to pounce, right down at the front. But too much ain't enough and she's forced to come back for another encore of ZZ Top's 'Legs', a song that if it wasn't written about her surely ought to have been! Oh yeah, she comes on like a Queen, leading us on, leading us on, and we all come following, following . . . like I said, Tina, loving you is such a fascination . . .

DAVE DICKSON

MICK BOX: there's life in the old dog yet!

URIAH HEEP
Assembly Hall, Tunbridge Wells

THERE WAS a time when wild horses could not have dragged me to see Uriah Heep, the band nearly everybody loved to hate. Musically straddling the great divide between thundering Metal and organ-grinding prog, they made some of the very worst sounds committed to vinyl immortality.

So what happened? They wised up, that's what. Hiding somewhere behind that barrage of sound were songs just waiting to be found and given severe medical attention. With self-indulgence now down to a minimum and one eye on the rock 'n' roll life support system known as American AOR radio, Uriah Heep have U-turned out of obscurity alley and are back on course, a little battle-scarred but still capable of a decent scrap.

With a new recording deal with *CBS/Portrait* under their belts and a new album, 'Equator', straining at the leash, Heep played like contenders with a lot of lost time to make up. Sounding vital and energetic, they put on a show that musically reflected their more melodic style; even their old classics took on a new lease of life!

I know that it's not exactly the done thing to talk ill of the dead, but current vocalist Pete Goalby must take a lot of the praise for Heep's new-found commerciality, his overtly melodic vocals being far more suited to the band than those of David Byron (RIP). On 'Other Side Of Midnight' and 'Too Scared To Run' his voice had class, and the vocal harmonies were spot on.

Who would ever have imagined Uriah Heep playing crafted rock songs, with tight rhythms and tasteful guitar? And as for the keyboards, well if you ask me Ken Hensley is best off as far away as possible, because it is without a shadow of a doubt the influence of John Sinclair that has made Heep what they are today.

Of the new material, current single 'Rockarama' sounded pretty hot with its bass 'n' drum intro, keyboard melodies and tight harmonies, and there was Mick Box, up front as ever, chugging out the riffs with new found vigour and minus the sledgehammer 'subtlety' of yore.

'Party Time' and, to my mind, the only *true* Heep classic, 'Easy Livin'', had the audience going for it in time-honoured style as the band got down to some good ol' rock 'n' roll, while the first of the encores, 'The Way That It Is', saw them returning to a stylish AOR mould. After some more bellowing from the crowd, the band came back and surged full-tilt into 'Look At Yourself', a fitting end to a fine gig.

There's life in the old dog yet . . .

GEOFF BANKS

Pic 'Crazy' George Bodnar

RETURN TO THUNDER!

KISS
Long Beach Arena, Los Angeles

"You'd have to be a fool to think that we couldn't do it all over again if we wanted to – it was just a case of us having to decide *that we wanted to. Last night's show was as good as any great show I can remember us doing . . ."*

HAND ON 'Alive II' and no fingers crossed, I'm here to tell you that the word has been spoken and the word does not alter. I've heard it in New York, Los Angeles and virtually all over Texas; I've heard it closer to home in London and Brighton; I've heard it in studios, offices and hotel rooms, in the backs of limos and shouted from the stage on every tour. I've heard it all and the story's the same.

Be it Gene Simmons or Paul Stanley (the Kiss originals), be times good or bad – platinum peaks or troughs of tin – the message is plain, needing no prompt or persuasion. There's no compromise, no change, no regrets. Nossir. Just unswerving self-belief and the continued conviction that when anyone turns up at a Kiss show they're there because they want the best . . . the hottest band in the world.

"I've been through all this before and I know what point we're at now. It could be 1975 again. The roller-coaster ride is only just beginning . . ."

There it is again. The Attitude. This time from Paul Stanley, an hour or so before the second of Kiss' two recent shows at Long Beach Arena, Los Angeles. As support act Queensrÿche take to the stage, heads high, tails ready to sting, the Kiss man and myself assume customary interview positions in a small backstage room boasting nothing more than a table, two chairs and a prehistoric 'telling bone' fossilised to the wall.

I'm speechless. Has this frighteningly accurate simulation of the new *Kerrang*! office really been laid on for *my* benefit?!

KONTINUES PAGE 44

GENE SIMMONS: 'the man with the tongue . . .'

BRUCE KULICK: '. . . getting better and better . . .'

Pix Ross Halfin

PAUL STANLEY *(right) introduces Michael Jackson to the rabid Kiss krowd . . .*

FROM PAGE 42

P'raps not, but it's with spirits a-gambol that I raise the subject of Kiss' dramatic return from the brink, a turn of the commercial tide that looks set to carry them all the way back up the beach, starfish once more . . .

A Second Coming, I'd say. "A renaissance", prefers Paul, who, not wanting to let the impetus drop, is already talking about another studio album for September, with June/July a likely starting point. New York or LA will be the site for recording, and, in view of the success of the band's current 'Animalize' LP, meticulously produced by the vocalist/guitarist (the album was mixed twice and mastered three times before he was happy!), it seems likely that he'll take charge in the studio yet again.

You don't tamper with a successful formula, right? Though there are those 'informed' pundits who would have laid serious money against 'Animalize' hitting the 1.5 million mark in the US and its predecessor, 'Lick It Up', hovering close to platinum. Simply – despite the *genuinely* informed knowing better, *much* better! – the band had been all but written off, with wreaths and condolences duly despatched and partners selected for the bone-orchard boogie.

Now, however, the same folks who couldn't wait to twist the knife are using it to slice themselves generous portions of humble pie and eating every scrap. What with that, the rumble of egos deflating and the heady sound of pride being swallowed, you can hardly hear yourself lig backstage at a Kiss show these days. The sweet, sweet sound of success.

"HEY, WHICH hotel are the band staying in?! I'll give you five bucks for a backstage pass . . .!"

Leaving the show the second night, Halfin and myself are press-ganged by a contingent of fans hungry for a sight or smell of their heroes. They're all about 14/15, boys and girls together, the new breed of Kiss fan more inclined to 'Lick It Up' than 'Rock And Roll Over'. . .

The truth is plain. The Kiss audience of today is less a *cult* following than a *general* rock 'n' roll crowd, finally encompassing those (more women, I reckon) for whom previous theatrics may have been a turn-off.

After a count of eight with cheek against canvas, the band shed any external trappings that might have been holding them down and returned to the fray, breaking through right away in Europe and (perhaps something unique in the annals of rock history) re-establishing their hold on the US market. Ridiculous as longstanding Kiss fans will find it, it seems there are really those who believe that with the removal of the make-up the band magically discovered how to play. Sad, but true . . .

However, it *would* be fair to say that, minus face-paint and costume, Kiss (perhaps subconsciously, perhaps not) swiftly became a more musically stream-lined craft. While critics looked on with vitriolic glee, itching for this band of flash without substance (*their* opinion) to bust apart at the seams, Simmons, Stanley and drummer Eric Carr searched souls, gritted teeth and invested 100 per cent in the roof removal business, ably assisted by a succession of fine lead guitarists – first Vinnie Vincent (musically superb), then Mark Norton/St John (ditto, forced to drop out of the band due to illness) and now Bruce 'brother of Bob' Kulick who's shaping up well too ("I LOVE – in capital letters – playing alongside Bruce" – Paul Stanley).

That was Kiss with something to prove, a point ot make, but at Long Beach we saw a slightly different band; a band who, having made that point, now feel able to relax a little, loosen up, play around with the formula, take charge of their environment and, above all, PAAAWTEEE!!!

SIMMONS AND STANLEY have always acknowledged the connection, I know, but personally I've never understood why Kiss and Van Halen should ever be mentioned in the same breath; the link was missing for me, yet suddenly, in a swivel of the Stanley hips, it all became clear. While "man with the tongue" Simmons is still striving to establish a comfortable role for himself onstage, still coming to terms with relinquishing one of *the* great images of the modern rock era, Starchild Stanley, now platform 'n' powder free, has instantly come of age.

Clearly, *he's* in control, dictating the pace, bouncing off the crowd and teasing the l'il girls with the kind of ad lib throwaway candour that only comes from rock solid preparation. Dave Lee Roth be warned, the chains are off and he's clearly relishing his new-found freedom . . .

'Detroit Rock City, 'Cold Gin' (the old Ace Frehley song) and 'Creatures Of The Night' get things underway, pyro propelled, the band using the spotlights as a mirror to strike all the right poses, constantly pushing against the perimeter of the generous stage set. During 'Fits Like A Glove', for example, Gene and Paul charge around the ramps at the back of the set, behind Eric's mammoth drum-kit and in front of the eternally pulsing 'KISS' logo, leaving Bruce to hold sway upfront, momentarily deserted.

He copes well enough, however, having become a full member of the band about three weeks into the US tour.

A MICHAEL JACKSON doll makes a brief cameo appearance, giving the (carefully arranged) cue for Paul to bite the shins of such False Metal prophets as Duran Duran and the Thompson Twins, then it's forward with 'Heaven's On Fire' and, after the traditional Stanley solo spot (lots of shoutin' and pointin'), 'Under The Gun', the only other 'Animalize' track of the evening.

'War Machine', for my money, has never completely phased out memories of the glorious 'God Of Thunder', but with Gene once again setting torch to monster breath it provides a suitably dramatic launching pad for the Carr drum solo. His kit moves forward, a portion of the lighting truss glides down behind, and the small man ("Built like a *big* man," according to Paul) proceeds to work himself into a dervish dance of flailing sticks and flying hair.

Everything that doesn't move gets a severe seeing-to, until two jets of fire round things off and he's reeled back in, riser belching smoke, to handle the vocals on the locomotive 'Young And Wasted' and support the rolling rhythm on Simmon's solo foray, spiced up by some (expected) dry-ice and a (very unexpected) rocket-fired bass-cum-chopper, bringing back fond memories of Frehley's '2000 Man' extravaganza of yore. Sigh . . .

"GENE! GENE! GENE!"

Simmons acknowledges the call with a gentle nod of the head, arms locked firmly across his chest, then it's straight into 'I Love It Loud', a true anthem for those hot of blood and bold of ear, and 'I Still Love You', the heart-on-sleeve sensitivity of which seems a little at odds with the brash, Barnum-esque nature of the rest of the show.

Still, 'Love Gun' gets things back on the right lines, as ever the opportunity for Stanley to parade his pout and indulge his predilections for crotch-level puns. This time he's in a dentist's waiting room ('Love Gums'?!) and the nurse, foxy of course, has taken a shine to him. To cut a long story short – and Paul does indeed make a meal of this one – she ends up foraging around inside his skin-tight *Levi's* 501s, presumably for his appointment card, suddenly getting the shock of her life . . .

"What's *that*?!" she squeals.

"That's the family jewels," replies Paul, barely moved.

"Well, then all I can say is you must have a BIG family!!!"

Another triumph . . .

THE STANLEY-PENNED 'Black Diamond' brings the show proper to a close, with Eric on lead vocals. Towards the end of the song, a ramp descends from the lighting rig allowing the three upfront members to scamper aloft, then descend, still crashing chords, on a circular section of the rig, a kind of mayhemic mothership that brings them safely back down to earth in a blaze of lights and a billow of smoke.

Encores? Of course! First off, Paul advises all the girls in the audience that they should never, *ever*, under *any* circumstances lick anything *down*, instead, well, y'know, and then 'Rock And Roll All Nite', a number the band will probably never be able to drop, provides the musical backdrop for Stanley to dish out the usual abuse to an unsuspecting guitar and swing Tarzan-like across the stage on a conveniently located rope, a shower of sparks raining down on an equally combustible crowd . . .

No 'Strutter', unfortunately, and no 'I've Had Enough', but then you can't have everything. Me, I'm happy to settle for the best show I've seen since . . . well, since Kiss played Wembley Arena in full make-up. And all fans of the band should know what *that* means . . .

DANTE BONUTTO

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FOR WHAT IT'S 'WORTH (1)

SO DEEP PURPLE are to honour Britain with one concert this year. Thanks a lot, boys! One gig for a country with a population of 50 million people. On that basis, Purple should have played half a concert in Australia and spent about five minutes in New Zealand, rather than the full tours they played in those territories. But then I suppose a lot of people *will* be able to see them here, because Knebworth is an outdoor gig. Great; that gives us all the chance to spend a day in a field listening to a farty PA and watching matchstick figures on a stage half a mile away.

No, there's no way round it; this is an act of gross betrayal. Purple seem to have forgotten that Britain gave them their first major success with 'In Rock', that Britain is the home of the band's hardcore following (the Appreciation Society, as Roger Glover has admitted, played a major part in Purple's eventual reunion), that Britain put 'Perfect Strangers' straight into the LP charts at number five *and* made the record go gold.

Of course, I'll be at the Knebworth gig; I'd go if it was held in Aberdeen. But maybe it's only because of the loyalty of me and their other British fans that Purple feel they can manipulate us in this way.

Deep Purple – you have stabbed your own most loyal followers in the back. Shame on you. **Mark Warledge, Bristol.**

FOR WHAT IT'S 'WORTH (2)

THE OTHER NIGHT I had a rather strange dream. I was in my local pub, minding my own business, sitting beside some long-haired git stuffing himself with dougnuts and beer, waiting for the band to come on.

After a minute or so, the band decide to take to the stage. The drummer, complete with Roy Orbison shades, is blindly groping around the stage, attempting to find his drum kit. To his right the guitarist can be seen gazing into a woman's vanity mirror, checking that the wig is on straight. Next to arrive is a forklift truck carrying the grossly overweight vocalist on to the stage. Once there, he is guided past the still-groping drummer to his mike stand. Unfortunately his hair is so dirty, dandruffy and bloody long that he can't see anything, so he holds on to that mike stand for grim death.

Behind a stack of Marshall amps a team of surgeons are stitching the bassist's floppy white hat on to his head. Meanwhile, the long-haired git sitting next to me stands up, picks up his tray of doughnuts and beer and ambles towards the stage. Christ, he's the keyboard player!

Then, at great expense, special guest announcer Orson Welles picks up a mike and says: "And here they are – the reformed Deep Purple!"

At this point I woke up. **A disillusioned Poiple fan.**

P.S. Thanks for the British tour of Knebworth, lads!

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

I HAVE just had the unfortunate experience of flicking through a couple of copies of *Kerrang!* which I found in one of my sister's drawers together with her underwear and several copies of *'Bulging Males Monthly'* and *'Playgirl'*.

What a repulsive magazine *Kerrang!* is. I have never seen such a sexist publication. Does it occur to you that some of your readers might actually be *male*? On every page there are disgusting, explicit pictures of half-naked males, bulging rock stars and obscene shower-room scenes. It appears to me that your magazine is written by female chauvinistic pigs who don't realise how much they might be insulting us males; after all, we *are* the weaker sex. What's men having a shower got to do with rock music?

Unless you abandon your sexist attitude you may well lose many of your sensitive male readers. How about some explicit pictures of Lisa Dominique or Janice in the shower? How about *both* of them in the shower?! Female readers have the nerve to write in and whine about you printing *Ladykillers* pictures featuring a few women with not quite enough clothes on for their liking. But these pix are very much in a minority in the pages of *Kerrang!* Us males simply don't get our oats!

Your magazine is obviously totally biased against men. It hurts me to have to return this pornography to my sister's drawer. It hurts me more to have to return the underwear . . . **Nanny Whip, the Swarfega King of the Secret Goat Orgies, Reading.**

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: "Howcum the only way I can get a photo in* Kerrang! *is to dress up like Brian 'Beano' Johnson?"

SPRING IN THE AIR?

I HAVE been a reader of your magazine from issue one. I have collected every issue, plus all the Guitar Heroes, Fan Libraries *and* Extra Kerrangs, *and I have never really felt the need to put pen to paper. However, I now feel the time has come.*

Over the past few months there has been a change in Kerrang's *format. At one time only Heavy Metal acts plus 'progressive' bands like ELP, Genesis, Yes, etc. got coverage. However, now you seem to be dealing with a broader spectrum of rock music, and because of this change I now feel I can now raise the subject of Bruce Springsteen.*

Ever since issue one of Kerrang! *you have consistently chosen to ignore Springsteen. A year or so ago you could have justified the lack of coverage by saying Bruce that is not heavy rock material. Fair enough, but now there is no way you can justify missing him out – unless it is just personal dislike on your part, and if this is the case then I'm disgusted by your attitude.*

In the past year Bruce has had a number one album ('Born In The USA'), a top five single ('Dancing In The Dark') and has just completed a record breaking 95 date tour of America, which sold out quicker than both Prince and the Jacksons. I hope you'll print something about Bruce – and soon! ***Robert Kirk, Mapperley, Nottingham.***

BOILERS!

WHAT A joke your *Ladykillers* series has become! Sure, it's a good idea but, for Chrissakes, you can't exactly call Dorothee Pesch, Ann Bolyn and Pauline Gillan good-looking, can you? You must be taking the piss – surely!

OK, so Maria Vidale gets a thumbs up from me, but as far as Lisa Dominique goes . . . well, I rest my case!

Compared with 'trendy' pin-ups such as Madonna and Nena, Heavy Metal females do not fare very well. If no-one more attractive than Lita Ford can be found in rock circles, it is hardly surprising that HM is considered male-dominated, is it?

Give it up, guys – *Ladykillers* is a good idea which has failed. **Someone with Madonna posters on his walls.**

'BARTON GAY' SHOCK CLAIM

I'M FEMALE and I'm no lesbian, but I *do* think some people take this sexist bit too far.

I'm referring not, as you may think, to the *Ladykillers* pix, but to Geoff Barton's comments about ZZ Top's 'Legs' single (issue 88). If he were a true male he'd admit to being turned on by the merest mention of female legs. Is Barton gay or something?

It's natural for men to like to look at female 'bits' – but, for women, I think it's true to say that generally we need more than a bulging crotch to get us aroused. I think it's almost impossible to photograph a bloke erotically, whereas it's dead easy with a woman. Men have to be good looking before I'll give them the time of day, but a woman, provided she's not got many clothes on and is reasonably shaped, can be ugly but remain a turn-on.

So take heart, girls, I reckon we've *all* gotta be potential *Ladykillers*, but the poor old guys must be gorgeous-looking as well as decently endowed, otherwise they won't get a look in. **Mrs Freud, Farnham, Surrey.**

SPELLBOUND

DEAR MARK Putterford: following your recent review of Witchfynde's latest album 'Lords Of Sin' (issue 89) I would like to make it clear that, although both Luther Beltz and Gra Scoresby have in the past had some very dubious occupations, no-one who is involved with the band has ever been milkmen (no offence meant to milkmen though, you understand).

I should also like to take this opportunity to warn you to be very careful where you direct your insults as certain forces which have recently been activated throughout the world are not nearly so forgiving as myself.

If you need any help or advice in the future I will be only too willing to oblige. **Montalo, Witchfynde.**

LOCAL CHART

1 GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
2 THE KIDS ARE BACK **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
3 WEE WEE BABY **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts** (Landslide)
4 I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
5 LICK IT UP **Kiss** (Vertigo)
6 I SAW THE LIGHT **The Rejects** (Heavy Metal Records)
7 FOREVER **Y&T** (A&M)
8 RUN TO THE HILLS **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
9 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
10 ALL JOIN HANDS **Slade** (RCA)
11 SHE'S GOT THE ACTION **Pet Hate** (Heavy Metal Records)
12 TNT **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
13 HIGHWAY TO HELL **AC/DC** (Atlantic)
14 VICTIM OF LOVE **Wildfire** (Mausoleum)
15 DREAM GIRL **Touched** (Ebony)
16 DON'T TALK TO STRANGERS **Dio** (Vertigo)
17 PHOTOGRAPH **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
18 BAD ATTITUDE **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
19 HOCUS POCUS **Focus** (Blue Horizon)
20 DAWN IS BREAKING **The Number 2 Band** (demo)
21 BACK STREET LADY **Blade Runner** (Ebony)
22 STRANGLEHOLD **Ted Nugent** (Epic)
23 THUNDER IN ROCK **Myofist** (A&M)
24 SOMEBODY GET ME A DOCTOR **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
25 BALLS TO THE WALL **Accept** (Portrait)
26 LIGHTS OUT **Dr. Feelgood** (United Artists)
27 RUNAWAY **Slade** (RCA)
28 MANOEUVRES **Sam Thunder** (Bulleon)
29 FLY HIGH, FALL FAR **Pendragon** (Elusive)
30 DTS **Seducer** (Thunderbolt)

Compiled by Rolla *fanzine for Kings Lynn Blue & Gold Club*

Anyone wishing to have their local chart/radio playlist published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! local chart/radio playlist, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

BRYAN ADAMS
'I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN' Tina Turner (track from the 'Private Dancer' LP on Capitol)
'THE FIRM' The Firm (Atlantic)
'SEA OF LOVE' Honeydrippers (Es Paranza)

PAUL SAMSON
'OUTSIDE' The Fixx (track from the 'Reach The Beach' LP on MCA)
'NIGHTTIME' Killing Joke (Polydor)
'KILLING FLOOR' Jimi Hendrix (track from the 'Kiss The Sky' LP on Polydor)

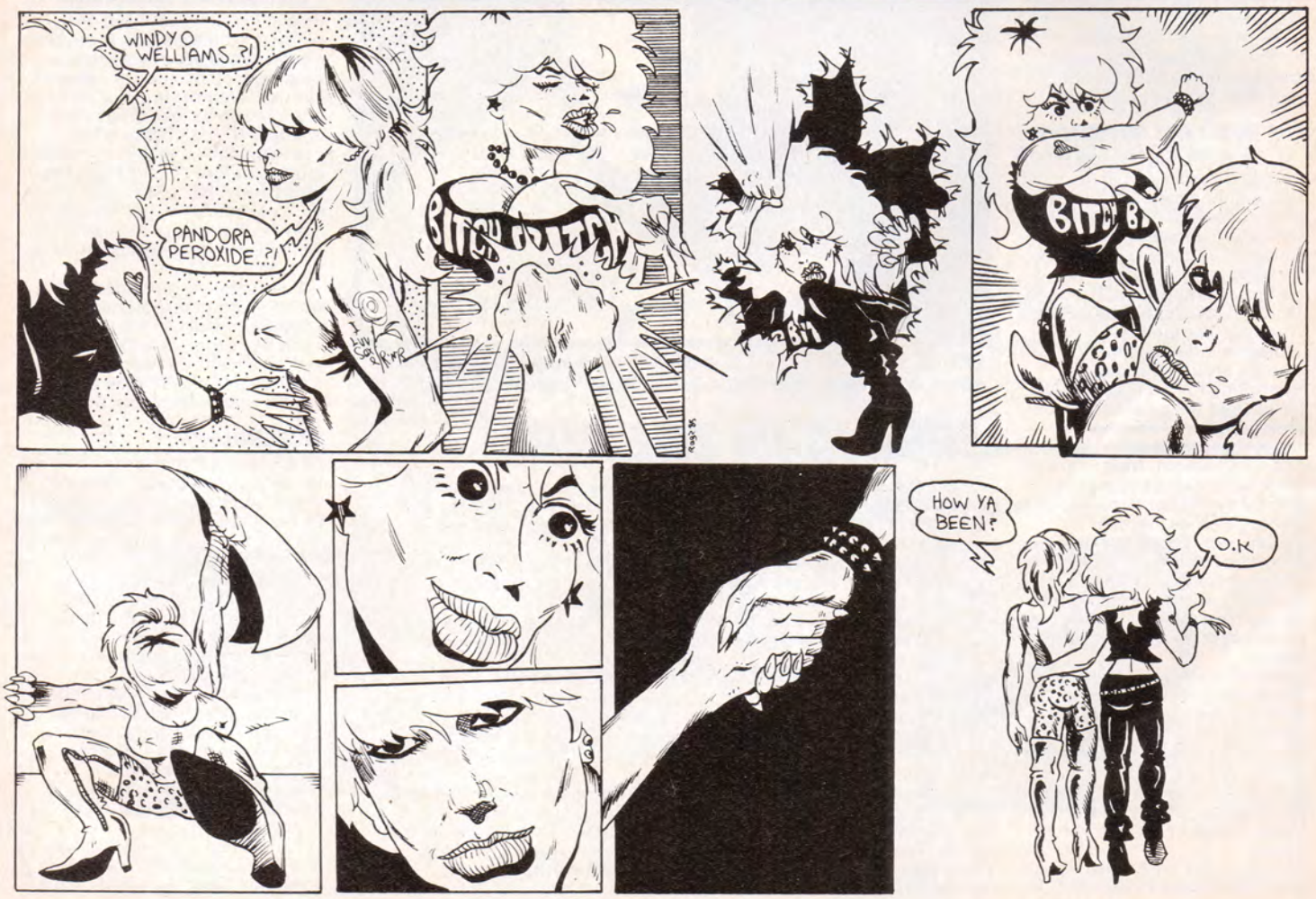
KATI MAC (MEAT LOAF)
'THE WHITE ALBUM' The Beatles (Apple)
'I SURVIVE' Terraplane (Epic)
'TURN IT OFF' Phil Collins and Sting (track from the 'No Jacket Required' LP on Virgin)

KEITH MULHOLLAND (AIRRACE)
'STREET TALK' Steve Perry (CBS)
'SHEER HEART ATTACK' Queen (EMI)
'AGENT PROVOCATEUR' Foreigner (Atlantic)

IMPORTS

1 WITCH HUNTER **Grace Digger** (Noise)
2 EVERYBODY'S CRAZY **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
3 BATHORY **Bathory** (Black Mark)
4 SCRATCH AND BITE **Treat** (Mercury)
5 CANADIAN ASSAULT **Venom** (Banzai)
6 THE BEAUTIES AND THE BEAST **Bedlam** (Virgin)
7 READY TO STRIKE **King Corbra** (Capitol)
8 ARMED AND DANGEROUS **Anthrax** (Megaforce)
9 FATAL ATTRACTION **Adam Bomb** (JVC)
10 CRIMES IN MIND **Streets** (Atlantic)

PANDORA PEROXIDE



SINGLES

1	—	COVER ME **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
2	2	LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
3	—	SOMEBODY **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
4	—	ABSOLUTE REALITY **The Alarm** (IRS/Priority)
5	—	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
6	10	THE HEAT IS ON **Glenn Frey** (MCA)
7	1	RUN TO YOU **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
8	3	FOREVER MAN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
9	6	JUST ANOTHER NIGHT **Mick Jagger** (CBS)
10	20	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
11	9	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
12	4	SUSSUDIO **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
13	—	MYZSTERIOUS MIZSTER JONES **Slade** (RCA)
14	—	PIECE OF THE ACTION **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
15	5	YOU'RE THE INSPIRATION **Chicago** (Full Moon)
16	15	CHASING THE NIGHT/HOWLING AT THE MOON (SHA LA LA) **The Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
17	11	CALIFORNIA GIRLS **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
18	—	FALLING **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
19	—	ROCKARAMA **Uriah Heep** (Portrait)
20	25	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
21	8	RADIOACTIVE **The Firm** (Atlantic)
22	17	THE OLD MAN DOWN THE ROAD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
23	18	LOVE AIN'T NO STRANGER **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
24	12	WE BELONG **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
25	—	I SURVIVE **Terraplane** (Epic)
26	—	SHARP DRESSED MAN **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
27	—	CALL TO THE HEART **Giuffria** (MCA)
28	19	GIMME ALL YOUR LOVIN' **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
29	14	LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY **Ex Pistols** (Virginia/Cherry Red)
30	—	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)

PLAYLIST

GEOFF BARTON
'FIONA' Fiona (Atlantic import)
'KING OF ROCK' Run DMC (Profile)
'WITCH HUNTER' Grave Digger (Noise import)

MALCOLM 'DOC DOOM' DOME
'EVERYBODY'S CRAZY' Michael Bolton (Columbia import)
'METAL INQUISITION' Piledriver (Cobra import)
'FIONA' Fiona (Atlantic import)

DANTE BONUTTO
'LOVE GRAMMAR' John Parr (track from the 'John Parr' LP on Atlantic import)
'METAL INQUISTION' Piledriver (Cobra import)
'GET IT ON (BANG A GONG)' The Power Station (track from the 'The Power Station' LP on Parlophone)

MICK 'THE KID' WALL
'GET IT ON (BANG A GONG)' The Powerstation (track from 'The Powerstation' LP on Parlophone)
'HOLLYWOOD DREAMS' Partners In Crime (track from the 'Organised Crime' LP on Epic)
'METAL HEART' Accept (Portrait)

ALBUMS

1	1	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2	—	BEHIND THE SUN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
3	3	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST **Don Henley** (Geffen)
4	2	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
5	—	SHE'S THE BOSS **Mick Jagger** (CBS)
6	—	WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JUGULA? **Roy Harper with Jimmy Page** (Second Sight)
7	10	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
8	7	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
9	8	AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
10	—	BEYOND APPEARANCES **Santana** (CBS)
11	11	CENTERFIELD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
12	5	CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warners)
13	4	THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
14	6	DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
15	17	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
16	16	TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
17	12	VULTURE CULTURE **The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
18	9	BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli Jon Roth** (EMI)
19	—	SLIDE IT IN **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
20	—	THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
21	15	GIUFFRIA **Giuffria** (Camel)
22	—	FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
23	—	WARMING UP TO THE ICE AGE **John Hiatt** (Geffen)
24	18	TOO TOUGH TO DIE **Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
25	—	STEEL THE LIGHT **Q-5** (Music For Nations)
26	23	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
27	30	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
28	—	WE RESERVE THE RIGHT **Madam X** (Jet)
29	—	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
30	35	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
31	19	HONEYDRIPPERS VOL ONE **Honeydrippers** (Es Paranza)
32	20	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
33	14	THE MINI ALBUM **Sex Pistols** (Chaos)
34	13	LOST AND FOUND **Jason And The Scorchers** (EMI)
35	—	THE MARGIN **Peter Hammill** (Foundry)
36	22	REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (EMI)
37	33	AURAL SCULPTURE **The Stranglers** (Epic)
38	24	TEJAS **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
39	25	12 GOLD BARS VOL TWO **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
40	31	DEGUELLO **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
41	—	ZZ TOP'S FIRST ALBUM **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
42	28	BAD ATTITUDE **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
43	39	W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
44	38	MACHINE HEAD **Deep Purple** (Harvest)
45	42	FLASHPOINT **Tangerine Dream** (Heavy Metal Worldwide)
46	36	FIREBALL **Deep Purple** (Harvest)
47	37	TWO STEPS FROM THE MOVE **Hanoi Rocks** (CBS)
48	27	THE DEED IS DONE **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
49	29	ISOLATION **Toto** (CBS)
50	—	THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)

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LADY Killers

IT'S BEEN a long time since Rock Goddess guitarist/vocalist Jody Turner first stepped out onstage at the *101 Club* in Clapham before an audience of a couple of dalmatians and a few old codgers. She's now developed from a long-haired biker's moll into a fully-fledged *femme fatale*.

Actually, the Goddess themselves have also come a long way and presently stand poised to ensnare the globe in their feminine net. The trio have now recorded the basic tracks for their next, as yet untitled, LP on the *A&M* label with producer Chris Tsangarides at *Battery Studios* in London. The album will be mixed within the next month or so (as yet it's not known who will be responsible for this part of the project) for release during the Summer.

In the meantime, book your place now for the band's next live performances at *London Marquee Club* on April 29 and *Camden Dingwalls* on May 15.

MALCOLM DOME

JODY TURNER

Pic Ray Palmer